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THE TIGER AT THE WEDDING

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SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR BAD HARVESTS MIGHT BE WORSE

The Old Terrors That Have
Passed Away From the World
WHAT THIS SUMMER WOULD
HAVE MEANT LONG AGO

The last reports concerning the year's harvest are in, and now we know the worst.

We have suffered the most unfavourable season England has known for a quarter of a century. All returns are below the average: corn, potatoes, fruit. Much of the cereals has had to be gathered in imperfect condition; much of the fruit will not keep owing to the unsunned days of its growth.

All labour has been costly and difficult. Fields and meadows became flood areas, cattle and sheep had to be towed to safety, wagons were lost in the deluge which swept away poultry and profits and mingled the first hay harvest with the second in a common ruin.

Sympathy for the Farmers

Never in the lifetime of the C.N. has the prospect of agriculture been more gloomy and depressing; never have home supplies been shorter after harvest. The sympathy of all goes out to the farmers and the farm workers. Wonderful people are the steady, patient toilers in the fields. "Among all the ratepayers," says an authority, "I find the farm labourer is the best payer. How he does it I do not know, but he is a splendid fellow, never in debt, and his cottage is a picture."

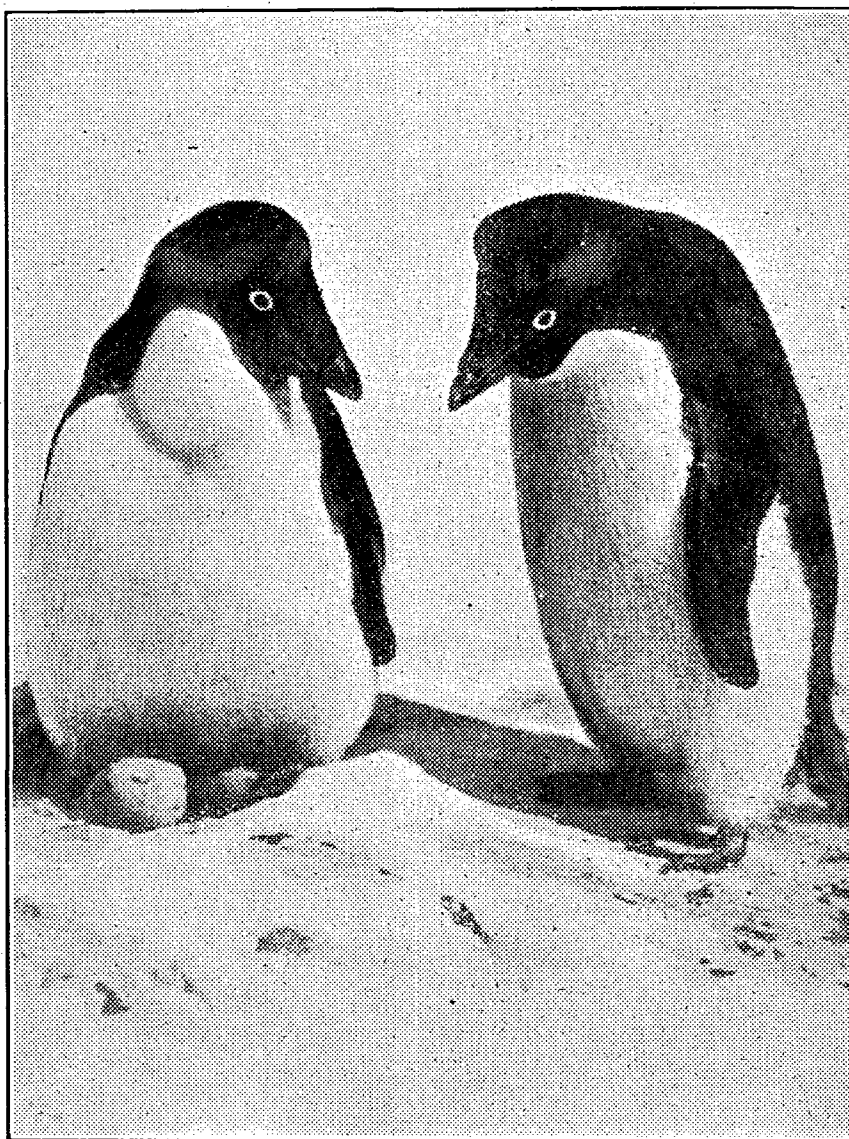
With everything said, however, bad as has been the season we have reason to be devoutly thankful that we are not as our ancestors were. To them this disastrous summer would have meant famine, disease, and death. We Britons are Northerners, and in the winter of the North we always live rather in defiance of Nature than by her consent. She would now say to us after our scanty harvest, "Starve and die!" But we shall not starve; we shall eat and live, not upon our own substance, but upon that which our good ships will bring us from East and West and from the boundless South.

In Bygone England

In bygone days there would not have been left in England at this period of the year more than the cattle necessary to renew the life of next year's herds and flocks. By the end of October all but these few had to be killed and salted down, and there was no fresh food from then till the following spring. Home supplies were short and sour, and there was none to come in.

There were no potatoes, no turnips, no cabbages, nothing on which to feed horses, sheep, or cattle. There was no tea, coffee, cocoa; no sugar, no maize. Such cattle as were converted into food

Penguins Protected By Law



This picture shows two of the penguins of Macquarie Island, Tasmania, which were being slaughtered for the sake of the oil that could be obtained from their bodies. Such strong protests were made, however, that the Government has now decided to protect the penguins, and the oil stations have been closed. See page 7

were spare starvelings that had worked themselves to spectres in the fields and on the roads. Pigs were few and small, poultry scraggy. America, the source of the potato and of maize, was unknown; Australia, which now sends us corn, beef, mutton, wool, hides, fruits, and butter, was not dreamed of; and Europe had little she could spare from her own meagre supplies.

So our wealthy folk ate foul meat, our poor ate meat still fouler, shuddered with ague in damp, unlighted, unventilated hovels, and starved through the horrible days of winter scarcity. That was so at the best, but when famine came they died like flies in autumn. Disease struck down the livestock, and starving peasants ate the tainted flesh and died in turn.

In the wake of these horrors stalked the appalling Black Death. It came out of the heart of China, it embraced all Europe, and moved as far as Greenland and Iceland, whence ships were wont to sail; it entered England by way of Dorset and spread in all directions, so that when the Scots, on one of their

typical invasions, reached Northern England they carried the plague back with them to their own fair land.

For three centuries this pitiless pestilence drifted like a vapour of destruction about Europe, and again and again broke into our land.

Now all that is changed. Our harvest has failed, but our provisions will not fail. East and West will send us their surplus; Australia and New Zealand will have their golden grain for us when we need it: it is springing green and lusty even now. We shall tap the supplies of India and Africa; we shall bring home the rich produce of Canada.

Nature may besiege us, but we shall resist her tyranny, and by steamship, motor-ship, and sailing-tramps will come the food that will keep the wolf from our doors and the spectre of hunger from our tables. In a bad year such as this we realise, as at no other time, how great is the achievement of the men who linked land with land, peopled the desert places, and made fruitful orchards and gay wheatfields spring from waste lands to help us in our need.

JOAN HIPPO'S BABY Why He May Have To Go TROUBLE WITH FATHER AND MOTHER

By Our Zoo Correspondent

Jimmie, the Zoo's baby hippo, can now be petted by his admirers, for he no longer shares a den with his mother, Joan, and he is anxious to have a large circle of human friends.

He has inherited his father's sweet temper, and when called by the keeper he waddles up to visitors and opens his mouth, partly to have it tickled and partly to show off his milk teeth, which he has cut without any trouble.

Jimmie feeds on clover and hay, like other hippos, but he drinks milk instead of water, and will take from two to four bucketfuls at a time. His friends present him with biscuits provided by the keeper and, like his parents, he demands a large quantity.

The First Fight

Unfortunately Jimmie may have to be sold, because while he remains at the Zoo, Joan and Bob have to live apart. Their offspring was the cause of the first fight between these two large hippos, who had hitherto been the most affectionate pair of animals in the Gardens. When the time came for Jimmie to leave his mother he was sent into the next-door cage, and Bob joined the companion he had pined for ever since the birth of Jimmie.

The old hippo was delighted to see Joan, but she was cold in her greeting, for she resented the banishment of her son, and she decided to chase Bob round the den to show that she was not feeling friendly. However, after a short time she calmed down, and all was going well when Jimmie suddenly became tired of solitary confinement and shouted for his mother. Hearing the voice of her baby, Joan attempted to go to him, and, finding this impossible, she turned savagely on Bob.

The hippos were separated again, and Bob was left to heal his wounds in one cage while Joan was sent to another, and Jimmie remained in the third compartment. So they remain for the present, but they cannot do so indefinitely as there are not three ponds, and the animals have to take turns to have a swim. Therefore the Zoo feels it may be necessary to part with Jimmie.

SHOUTING FOR 40 YEARS

The proprietors of a Paris evening paper founded 91 years ago invited its street vendors to a breakfast a few days ago to celebrate its enlargement.

About four hundred responded and sat down to cakes and sandwiches. Afterwards a competition was started to test who could shout loudest the name of the paper, and the winner was one of the men who had been shouting the name of the newspaper for forty years.

THE OLD TRAMP REMEMBERS

A HAPPY MAN PASSES THE WORKHOUSE

A Little Touch of Prosperity for the Down-and-Out

SURPRISES AT THE POORHOUSE GATE

There is a happy man in England now. He has allowed us to hear of twenty men he has made happy, having thereby made himself twenty times happier than they.

He has no name. He was once a tramp, and is now a man of ease. Somehow he has to pay back to the world the blessings he has received. He pays some of them back at the workhouse gate.

If there is one highway more than another down which people pass by on the other side it is the road leading to and from a workhouse. Down-and-out men and women shuffle along that road, and are looked at with a mixture of pity and contempt by people to whom life has been kinder. Once, many years ago, a man passed out of the gates of a workhouse after having received "casual" help. Despair had almost got him. He had almost settled down to being a tramp for the rest of his life.

Tramp Becomes a Major

It happened that a recruiting-sergeant saw him, and noted his physical condition. Here, other things being favourable, was something that would make a soldier. The tramp passed into the Army, and was swallowed up by the machine. He was fed, housed, drilled, disciplined, became one of thousands of self-respecting men. Some hidden good and force in his character came out. After a time the man who had been a tramp rose step by step. He passed out of the ranks of non-commissioned officers and became, it is said, a major.

After the war he entered upon work which made him well off. Having now arrived at the stage of life where he need no longer fear certain of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, he is thinking of those at whom these darts fly fast.

Giving Away £1 Notes

A good deal of his spare time lately has been spent on the road near the workhouses and watching the passers-by on the Embankment, where men and women who are down and out make shift to pass the hours of the night. He is very shrewd, and can judge character. He keeps in his pocket a sheaf of Treasury Notes.

Not so long ago he was driving his car by the gates of certain workhouses in the south of England at the hour when casuals are turned out after their night's lodging. The men come out singly or in pairs. The "toff" in the car looked at them, got out, and stopped them. We can imagine their speechless amazement when each of them was handed a pound note.

Helping Them On

Once or twice the man in the car gave the money and disappeared before anyone could even get to the stage of saying Thank you. Once or twice he has just explained in a few words that once he was such as they are, and feels that he must do something to help them on. He knows better than anyone else just the sensations a tramp may experience when, on being turned out into that highway where so many pass by on the other side, someone stops and speaks and leaves him comparatively rich.

There are many people who, once down and out, are now prosperous citizens. How many of them remember how hard it is to climb?

KEMAL PASHA

The Long-Distance Orator

TURKISH PRESIDENT'S REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENT

Mustapha Kemal Pasha, who has made himself famous as the creator of the new Turkish Republic, of which he is president, has established a new record. He has spoken for six days.

He began on Sunday morning, and spoke seven hours a day, describing the history of the Turkish National Movement. The speech is to be put on record as the official history of the establishment of the Republic, and it will be remembered as one of the most astonishing oratorical feats in the history of politics.

President Kemal ended his long speech under the stress of great emotion.

The First Duty

"Oh, Turkish youth," he cried with tears in his eyes, "let your first duty ever be that of defending the Republic! The menace of occupation of every corner of the country by invaders is ever existent, and the risk of those in authority being corrupted and committing treason for personal gain is one to be ever taken into account. Misery and despair may overtake the country, but even then, on you, Youth of Turkey, devolves the duty of saving and preserving the country's independence; and the strength for this you will find in the noble blood which flows in your veins."

Amid the great applause of the Assembly Mustapha Kemal ended his long speech with an assurance of his whole-hearted devotion to the Republic, and a declaration that everything presented to him by the nation, together with the estates bought by him at Angora, belonged to his party.

THESE TWA

Two Beautiful Lives

Marching On

Lord and Lady Aberdeen have been celebrating their golden wedding in their Highland home, and all who know the kind of people they are and the work they have done have been thinking of them with a glow of warmest feeling.

The Marquess has occupied for many years of his life dignified positions of high importance. He has been Governor-General of Canada and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. The last most difficult post he held, with universal approval, for more than ten years.

Lady Aberdeen has not only been a most devoted and able helper of her husband in all his duties, but has taken a leading part in movements deeply affecting her sex. Many who heard her speak before public oratory became usual with women thought her unsurpassed on the platform in womanly wisdom and grace.

But, conspicuous as the public services of this most happy husband and wife have been, it is the quality of spirit they have always had as man and woman among men and women that has more than all else won for them universal goodwill. It could not be otherwise. The title of the book in which they reviewed their lives together, *We Twa*, gives that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. May they have light and happiness and a beautiful serenity throughout their eventide.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Agricola	Ah-grik-o-lah
Galapagos	Gah-lah-pah-gos
Jabiru	Jab-e-roo
Reuss	Royss
Sarajevo	Sah-rah-yay-vo
Tacitus	Tas-e-tus

A WORD FOR A BIRD

Time Europe Woke Up

KEEPING THE WILD FOWL ALIVE

Denmark, Belgium, Finland, Sweden, and other countries, on the western seaboard of Europe from which the wild duck, the rarer wild swans and geese, the snipe, the curlew, the plover, and others of their kin come and go to the shores of Britain, have lately sent envoys in the wake of the migrating birds to London to discuss the best way of keeping them alive.

It was time. These birds, the wild fowl of Europe, have come and gone since Britain was an island, but unless something is done for them they will presently come no more. This century will see the end of them.

Danger from Traps

In the C.N. we have never ceased to protest against the wanton destruction of wild birds, the most beautiful and most harmless of God's creatures; but the danger to them now does not come from the idiot with a gun who shoots them for a pastime, or from the sportsman who, with the ten-thousand-year-old hunting instinct in his blood, pursues them for food.

It comes from those who trap them in decoys for profit, taking advantage of the season when the birds collect on coastal waters for their migratory flights in autumn. Those who do this might urge that they are adding the birds they trap to the world's food supply. It is an argument which cannot wholly be disregarded.

On the Dinner-Table

The birds do appear on the dinner-table, though it is not the dinner-table of the poor, and in proof of it, as the C.N. has already noted, wild duck were actually served up as a delicacy to the delegates attending the conference! But even if a possible addition of wild fowl to the food supply of Europe were necessary, the methods now employed are the worst possible for preserving it. The flocks cannot sustain the inroads now being made on their numbers.

In some parts of the world the need for not killing the wild fowl that lays the golden eggs is being recognised. In the United States, where their extermination is far less imminent, they are now being preserved and protected. Off the coast of South America it is made a crime to steal the eggs of the birds on the guano islands. In the African Congo Belgium is preserving African birds. In Australia and New Zealand protection is being given to the penguin. It is time Europe woke up to the fate of the duck, the goose, the woodcock, the snipe, and the sandpiper.

A WREATH FOR MURPHY

When Animals Die at the Zoo

When Murphy, one of the Zoo's well-known orang-utans, died not long ago a few of his young admirers arrived at the menagerie carrying a wreath for the grave of the dead ape.

They evidently imagined that, tucked away somewhere in a corner of the Gardens, there is a cemetery where the Zoo's dead are buried. But this is not so. While the animals are filled with the joy of life they are exhibited for the benefit of the education of the public; when they die their bodies are used to assist the progress of science.

When an animal at the Zoo dies his body is sent to the Prosectorium, a building near the Sanatorium, to which visitors are not admitted, and there it is dissected and examined by pathologists and anatomists.

Every part of every inmate of the Zoo is in demand after death, and the remains soon leave the menagerie to help in the great fight against disease in the animal world, and perhaps to be exhibited once again.

MARTIN FROBISHER'S HOUSE

A Discovery in Labrador

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SEARCH FOR GOLD

A dramatic discovery has been made in Labrador by the Rawson-MacMillan Arctic Expedition from Chicago.

In a desolate region they have come upon the ruins of a house, a shipyard, and mining pits. They were all made by Sir Martin Frobisher 350 years ago!

Frobisher is one of England's finest worthies. He was a mariner who believed that the finding of a north-west passage to Cathay and the Indies was "the only thing of the world that was left yet undone, whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate."

In 1576 he set off to explore the regions of ice, and Queen Elizabeth waved her hand from a window of the palace at Greenwich as Frobisher's two tiny barques sailed down the Thames.

Eskimos Mistaken for Fish

The explorers reached Baffin Land and discovered the Eskimos, whom at first they believed to be a kind of monstrous fish. They passed Frobisher Strait, and they brought back a quantity of ore which was believed to contain gold.

When they returned they had a great welcome, and the queen lent them a ship and money for another expedition, this time with the object of finding gold rather than discovering straits. It was the work of this expedition which was discovered the other day by the American explorers who were so startled at coming across ruins and mines in the frozen North.

Very little gold was found in the 200 tons of ore which Frobisher brought back, and in a third expedition he found none at all, but made useful geographical discoveries.

Frobisher spent the rest of his life in fighting the Spaniards, and died in 1594 from a wound received in defending the fortress of Crozon against them.

THINGS SAID

There is great joy in growing old.

Mrs. Kendal

We ought to have fought to the last carrot.

Poor William of Doorn

To achieve disarmament build battle-ships by popular subscription.

Lord Dewar

No literature has ever been free from the influence of other countries.

Mr. Alfred Noyes

If only I could see a wheel going round I could understand wireless.

A Listener-in

Boss, how much you all charge foah take me up to Heaben and leave me dah?

Old Negress to Lindbergh

The ship of peace is on the sea of Reality, and the port of Security is in sight.

Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton

My parents gave me a great heritage: a strong constitution and the necessity to work.

Sir Alfred Yarrow

I would not waste time in training men who drink; drink does not give a fair chance.

A Football Coach

I doubt whether a nation on wheels is any happier than a nation on mul-back.

A Japanese Poet

The idol of one generation is the derelict of the next, and may be the idol of the third.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason

What have women done with the time they have saved by having their hair bobbed?

A Man

Always praise the men, however badly they sing. Never mind the ladies; they will come again in any case

A Composer to Conductors

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The Children's Newspaper

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FOR ALL DUMB THINGS

ANIMAL LOVERS OF POLAND

How Two Ladies are Spreading Kindness About the World A WOLF GOES TO HOSPITAL

A wolf is not the sort of patient a doctor would like to find waiting in his surgery. But when one came to the Animals' Dispensary in Warsaw he was welcomed and given treatment.

For All Animals—Everywhere is the motto of the Council of Justice, the British society which helped to found the dispensary, and therefore the wolf and a squirrel were doctored as well as the cab horses for whose benefit the dispensary mainly exists.

How the Need Was Met

By a wise law no society in Poland may ask for funds until it has been legalised, and this takes a long time. When Miss Violet Wood visited Warsaw last summer to lecture on the use of the humane killer for slaughtering cattle she saw the great need for such a dispensary and wanted to start one immediately. Of course she could not ask for funds from Polish people, so she appealed to the British Council of Justice, and they agreed to pay the expenses of the dispensary for three months. Meanwhile a new society, called the Polish League of Friends of Animals, has been legalised, and now it is running the dispensary alone.

One of the wise things done by the society is to send a veterinary surgeon round the cab ranks to give the drivers advice, and to tell them that their beasts will receive free treatment at the dispensary.

Till now the Warsaw streets have been sad places for animal lovers. There are few taxis, and the cab horses, with hardly an exception, are lame or suffering from wounds. One seen by Miss Wood had an open wound right down its back. The new society will help to put these evil things right. Slowly but surely the world is becoming a kinder place.

A Wonderful Old Lady

The English lady who has done so much for the poor cab horses of Warsaw met a kindred spirit in that city. She is Madame Wolfram, a wonderful old lady of 79, who has become very poor since the Great War and the Bolshevik invasion, and has denied herself even food and warmth in order to help the stray dogs and cats of the city. There are scores of them slinking about, starving, mangy, or crippled. No one could cure and find homes for them all, and the only way to save them from a lingering death is to kill them. To this task, so hateful in itself yet so merciful, Madame Wolfram has devoted her old age. She has been spending her money on chloroform for the poor strays instead of on food for herself. Miss Wood was able to show her a better and less uncomfortable way of putting the animals to sleep, and the R.S.P.C.A. have sent her two lethal boxes.

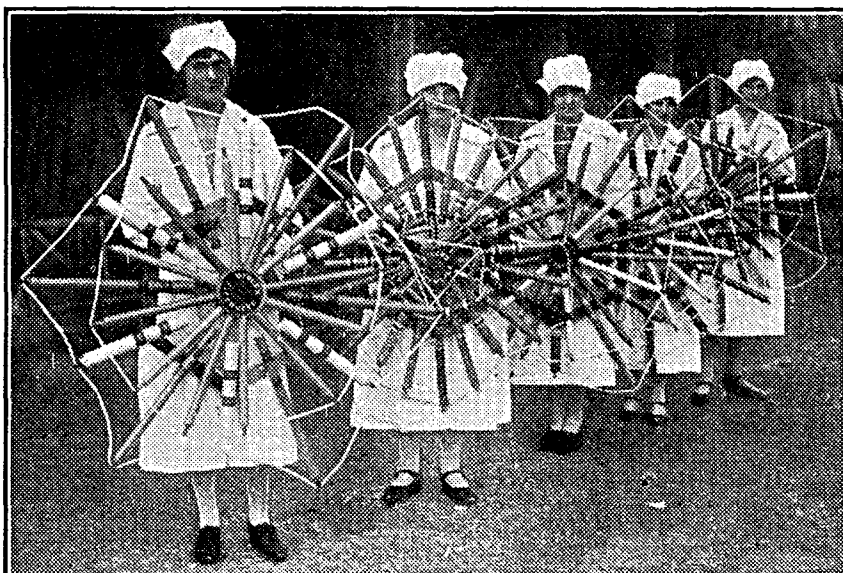
It is pleasant to think that Britain has done so much to help the animals of Poland, but it would be pleasanter to think that Britain forbade the use of any but humane methods of slaughter in her own land.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A James II silver jug	£693
20 chairs of Hepplewhite design	£630
A pair of Jacobean curtains	£588
A painting by George Stubbs, R.A. £351	
2 colour mezzotints by W. Ward £243	
An old oak Court cupboard	£210
Ten old Worcester plates	£171
A Chinese green jade bowl	£115

FIREWORKS AGAIN



Girl workers and the firework stars they have made



An effigy of Guy Fawkes decorated with fireworks



A firework clown which rides on one wheel



A giant firework being taken out of the factory

The Fifth of November is here again, the anniversary of Guy Fawkes's attempt to blow up the Houses of Parliament, and boys and girls have been eagerly preparing to celebrate the day with fireworks. These pictures show busy scenes in the firework factories, where millions of fireworks are made every year.

AN ENTHUSIAST AMONG THE BIRDS HIS WONDERFUL BOOKS

Remarkable Library of a Country's Bird Life

GREAT WORK NEARING COMPLETION

The sixth volume of a very wonderful work on the bird life of North America has just been published.

The first volume was begun 17 years ago, and there are to be at least 20, all written by one man, Arthur Cleveland Bent. Each volume is the story of a group of birds. It tells of their migrations, courtships, nesting customs, eggs, fledglings, the growth of their plumage, their moultings, what they feed on, how they fly, their vocal powers, who are their enemies, how they spend the winter, their social organisation, and the tragedies and comedies of their existence.

Dance of the Sandhill Cranes

The present volume deals with the marsh birds of North America, flamingo, heron, coot, crane, and a score of others.

There is a wonderful description of the courting dance of the sandhill cranes of the prairies. Just after dawn, in flocks of six or eight, they fly toward the trysting-place, uttering their curious rolling call. First the birds walk slowly round and round with their heads held high; then the heads are lowered and the birds become great bouncing balls. Hopping high in the air, sometimes with raised wings and sometimes with wings drooping to the ground, they cross and recross each other's paths. Gradually the pace quickens and becomes a wild game of leap-frog. Often as many as 200 are dancing at once.

Duelling is frequent in the courtship of the blue heron, with beaks for rapiers. The thrusts seem deadly, but they are parried with wonderful skill. A duel will continue for half an hour, but no fatal issue is recorded.

Snowy Egrets at Home

There is a charming picture of the home life of the snowy egrets. The parents take turns to sit on the eggs in regular four-hour shifts. When the eggs are hatched either the father or the mother watches the youngsters constantly, and when the absent mate returns they caress and coo most lovingly. The mother half digests the food she is to give to her young ones, and then brings it up. By the time it is nearly ready the children have grown very impatient. They peck at her plumage and even seize hold of her beak, shaking it vigorously till, raising her beautiful plumes above her back, she lowers her head and delivers the coveted morsel.

The tallest and most stately birds of all, the whooping cranes, will fight desperately in defence of their young.

How the Jabiru Takes Off

The jabiru, a member of the stork family, five feet high, with an eight-foot spread of wing, has the same difficulty as an aeroplane in rising from the ground, and overcomes it in the same way, by running 20 or 30 feet along the ground before "taking off." It is exceedingly strong, and has been seen to toss a six-foot serpent high in the air, catch it, thrash the ground with it, and then tear it to pieces.

Mr. Bent's volumes are published by the Smithsonian Institution, and he is helped in collecting his data by other institutions and ornithologists throughout the States and Canada. New volumes in this remarkable bird library are to follow on shore birds, domestic fowls, birds of prey, song birds, and other small land birds. The volume on shore birds is already nearly complete, but the Smithsonian Institution has not the money to produce more than one volume a year, which is rather hard on Mr. Bent, who has only one lifetime in which to see his task completed.

THE MECHANICAL MAN

WHAT HE CAN AND CANNOT DO

Sending a Robot Upstairs to Speak to Baby

ANSWERING THE HUMAN VOICE

Dr. Fournier d'Albe, the famous physicist and inventor, has made some amusing comments on the news that Mr. R. J. Wensley has produced a machine which will obey the human voice.

Mr. Wensley is an American. It is claimed that his machine will, open a door at the word of command, start an electric fan, or operate an electric sweeper. An American writer has said that soon a woman will be able to play bridge at a neighbour's house and give telephone orders to the mechanical servant to make up the fire, rock the baby, or cook the dinner.

Telling a Door to Open

Dr. Fournier d'Albe says there is nothing new about a machine which will obey sounds. It is all a matter of devices for converting notes of definite wave-length into electric currents. There are some thirty notes in the human voice, each of which can be made to control different mechanisms.

Several years ago Dr. Fournier d'Albe saw a toy dog which would run out of its kennel when you called its name. Professor A. M. Low has a door to his garage that opens at the word of command. At the Model Engineer Exhibition last September Major Raymond Phillips showed a train which raced round the track, stopped, or reversed, at orders given through a microphone.

No Mechanical Servants

Obviously we may expect wonderful developments from such beginnings, but Dr. d'Albe warns women not to be deceived by the prophecy of a perfect mechanical servant.

You could not send the machine upstairs to see what Baby was doing and tell him not to do it. You could not trust it to obey you, for if Baby said "Give me the jam" in the right key the machine would give him the jam, although you had forbidden it. Unlike a dog, the machine would not know its master's voice.

After all, the machine which is operated by means of a switch or a button seems more practicable, though less wonderful, than one operated by the human voice. These sound-controlled automations may prove useful in factories and power stations, but not in the home.

RISE OF A CABIN BOY

Two New Mayors

Next year there will be two mayors with interesting histories.

Alderman H. E. Withard will be Lord Mayor of Norwich. He began work at twelve as cabin-boy on a Yarmouth fishing-smack. Since his father died, when the future Lord Mayor was only six, he has known bitter poverty, and he little guessed that one day he would enjoy the authority and pomp of a Lord Mayor.

Councillor Frederick Butler, caddie master at the local golf links, is to be Mayor of Henley-on-Thames. He will probably be the youngest English mayor, for he is only 36. He lost a leg in the Battle of Ypres. During his mayoralty he will continue his work as caddie master.

Alderman Withard is a Labour man and Councillor Butler is a Conservative, but politics will not have much to do with the work before them. Everyone will wish these new mayors a successful year of office.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A fox-terrier has returned to its home in Paris after a year's absence.

In organising her traffic system Rome has abolished her trams.

The telephone now reaches within a few miles of the Arctic Circle.

A genuine Louis XVI bed has just been sold for a shilling in a Paris auction room.

A decree has been issued in Belgium forbidding the shooting or capture in any way of storks.

The Millionaire House

A million houses have been built in England and Wales since the end of the war.

A Million Paving Blocks

When the last workman left Piccadilly the other day, a million new paving blocks had been laid down.

Death of a Cat

The Lion House cat at the Zoo has died from old age. He was 16.

The Kinema Millions

It is said that the attendance at kinemas in this country now equals half the population every week.

The Listeners

There are now nearly two and a quarter million wireless licence-holders in Great Britain.

For Delicate Children

Mansfield-Woodhouse Council is providing artificial sunlight apparatus for delicate children.

A Prize for an Artistic Designer

The Minister of Transport has offered a prize for a beautifully-designed petrol-filling station.

Telephones for Express Trains

Express trains which travel long distances without stopping are to be fitted with telephones.

Beautifying Our New Roads

Twenty-five thousand trees have been planted by the sides of new arterial roads by the Essex County Council.

A Pigeon's Two-Week Imprisonment

A pigeon was lately removed, alive but starving, from a chimney at Selby in which it had been imprisoned two weeks.

Skegness Litter Louts

During this year's holiday season 3500 sacks of paper and nearly four tons of bottles and broken glass were collected from the shore at Skegness.

Your Old Coat

The C.N. would be delighted if a dozen readers would send an overcoat apiece for the children of Queen's Hospital, Hackney Road, Bethnal Green.

Bus Litter in London

An average of four and a half million bus tickets is punched every day in London. Probably half of them are thrown into the street.

Mussolini's New Law

No new factory with more than a hundred workers may now be started in Italian towns of over 100,000 inhabitants without leave from Mussolini.

The Great Family of Fishes

It is asserted that there are more varieties of fish in the sea round the coasts of France than there are kinds of cattle, sheep, pigs, poultry, and game in all the countries of the world.

After 100 Years

During a recent storm in Paris one of the finest trees in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, a century-old acacia, succumbed to the violence of the wind, and fell in the roadway.

Thanks to a Dog Bite

The Director of the Lister Institute has been explaining that Lord Iveagh, who gave £2500 to the Institute, was first interested in the work through a dog biting one of his labourers.

A Vanishing Eagle

It is said that the offer of a dollar reward for the American eagle in Alaska is bringing about the disappearance of that fine bird. Over 40,000 have been killed in ten years since the bounty system began.

A HEN MAKES A DISCOVERY

A Sad Little Tale of Long Ago

Thousands of years ago Aesop told about a cock which scratched up a jewel in the farmyard and spurned it as a worthless thing.

History has just repeated itself in a farmyard at Brionne in the Eure Department of Normandy. Some fowls were scratching about for grain or grubs when they unearthed a casket which they despised because it was not eatable.

But the farmer did not despise it. In it he found gold and silver coins of the time of Louis the Sixteenth, a gold watch, and several brooches, chains, and crosses, all in gold.

Evidently this was the treasure-box of someone who hid it during the French Revolution. As there were no pearls or diamonds we must suppose that he was not a rich nobleman, but a farmer or small tradesman, and as the treasure has lain unclaimed all these years we must suppose that he was guillotined. Possibly it is a sad little story that the hens revealed as they scratched about in that Normandy farmyard.

REMEMBRANCE CLIFFS

A Lovely War Memorial

The village of Radcliffe, near Nottingham, is to have the loveliest war memorial in the world. Every sculptor of war memorials will confess that he could not rival it, for this one is the work of Nature.

From beautiful Radcliffe village a mile of cliffs stretches along the banks of the River Trent, and these cliffs are to be the war memorial. Thick woods clothe them, waterfalls sing in the dells, and wonderful views are to be had through the trees. Behind the cliffs are two small parks, where old people may rest and children play.

The memorial is the gift of Mr. Lisle Rockley, whose only son was killed at Ypres. Mr. Rockley wished the lovely riverside walk to be preserved for ever as a memorial of this boy and the other Radcliffe men who fell in the war. But the scheme needed much money and patience, for he had to deal with 25 owners before he could purchase all the land required.

And now the dream is realised. A lovely pleasure ground has been laid out, the natural beauty of the cliffs has been saved, and the war memorial has been dedicated to the glorious dead at a service in which people of all denominations joined.

SKY LITTER LOOTS

How Bavaria Deals with Them

Bavarians are evidently very thorough and energetic. British people get angry when they find a beauty spot littered with orange peel and paper bags, but they do not do anything. Bavarians, on the other hand, take vigorous steps to keep public places tidy.

The Bavarian Minister of the Interior has just introduced a new measure for this purpose. He forbids the dropping of advertisements or printed matter from aeroplanes, under a penalty of a fine not exceeding 150 marks (£7 10s.) or imprisonment for a period not exceeding 14 days.

But Peter Puck wants to know how the police will catch the offending airmen. Will there be a flying squad of light planes? Will detectives be ready to put a pinch of salt on the airship's tail?

We cannot tell him. We only know that it is a good idea to stop sky litter. It would be abominable if announcements of sales and advertisements of cures for baldness or seasickness were emptied in sackfuls over Hyde Park and the shores of Windermere.

TRIUMPH OF TWO BLIND MEN

A Hero of the War

BUILDING UP A BIG BUSINESS

Everyone will want to congratulate Mr. Donald McDougall, of Balliol College, Oxford, on having what is said to be a unique record in university annals.

He came from Canada to fight in the Great War, and he was blinded. At St. Dunstan's he received training in the best means of overcoming his great affliction. Then he went back to Canada, and spent two years at the University of Toronto, where he won a Rhodes Scholarship, which enabled him to go to Oxford. He is the only blind man who has ever won this scholarship.

Now, after two years at Oxford, he has secured a First in the Honours School of Modern History, and obtained a particularly high standing even among Firsts.

A Helping Hand

His wonderful success reminds us of the courage of a New York blind man, Mr. Julius Jonas, who lost his sight in an accident when he was 48. For two years he was unable to get work, but at last he persuaded the director of an insurance company to give him a job. As he went out he heard someone say "How does that poor blind beggar think he can make good?"

But in a year he had sold £40,000 worth of insurance, and he became one of the most important men in the business. Now he is devoting much money and all his spare time to helping blind people to earn a living for themselves. He employs 50 men as agents in his own company, and has had various commercial books printed in Braille for blind people. They are to be had in every Canadian and United States library, and the Government gives them free carriage.

It is splendid to think how the boy soldier and the middle-aged man conquered their terrible handicap.

TRAGEDY OF THE TUILERIES

Heroic Efforts of a Mechanical Oarsman

A travelling correspondent in Paris sends us this note from the Tuileries Gardens there.

There have not been many fine days this year in Paris, and therefore it was not surprising that one bright afternoon lately a crowd of children and grown-ups should gather round the pond in the beautiful Tuileries Gardens.

Boys were eager to test once more the sailing qualities of their yachts, submarines, and miniature ironclads. Collisions were frequent, but fortunately not much damage was done, and a little push sent the vessels gaily on their journeys. But sometimes they got out of reach, and this happened to a tiny rowing boat propelled by a clockwork man, who energetically pulled two oars.

It had been moving through the water in fine style, but, alas! it went too near the fountain in the middle of the pond, and the circle of spray sucked it nearer and nearer the shower of water. The onlookers watched with bated breath the perilous position of the tiny boat, for they felt as if they were witnessing a real man's struggle for life. With one oar still moving doggedly and the other in jerks, the brave oarsman appeared to be making desperate efforts to escape the doom which threatened him. Twice he got away, only to be caught once more in the spray.

The end came at last. As if exhausted by his frantic efforts, the oarsman gave up the struggle, and the little boat turned over and sank. There was no lifeboat to put out to the rescue, and the little boy who had proudly launched the little craft a few minutes before sat and bewailed with tearful eyes the sad fate of the mechanical oarsman.

There had been an eruption in an island near by when Falcon Island first lifted its ashy head above the waves. Twelve years later it sank again, or was washed away. But now it has appeared in such vigorous shape that perhaps it may stay. Its flame-topped crest is now 300 feet above the waves, and the Friendly Islands must own it.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 5 1927

Imitation Heroes

WHEN the first Atlantic flyer spread his wings above the ocean he took his life in his hands, and knew it. So did the first men who went up in aeroplanes. So did the explorers whose bones lie in the white deserts of the Poles, and Mallory, whose tomb on Mount Everest is the loftiest in the world.

These were brave men who did this or that great thing because something within them said it must and should be done. To them risk was the spirit of adventure, without which man can never be the master of his fate, the captain of his soul.

Nothing better becomes a man than courage. But the red badge of courage, as a writer called it, must not be flaunted like a cockade in a hat; it must be worn next the heart. Without courage Columbus would never have sailed to America, or Grace Darling have left her lighthouse, or the soldiers on the Birkenhead have gone down, file by file, into a watery grave so that women and children might be saved. If we look closely into these and other deeds of bravery and adventure we shall find that they were not done to win applause, but most often out of something which was very like a sense of duty. It was never cheap imitation.

The other thing to be noted about the men and women who do the great things is that they are sensible people. They know the risks they run, the difficulties they must overcome, and as far as in them lies they take every precaution to ensure the success of their efforts. They are too brave to be foolhardy, and they want to see the thing done more than they want the praise for doing it.

But the imitators are a different class altogether. It is the laurels they want, the world's praise, the admiration, the advertisement. The first man to cross the Atlantic alone did so because, after long consideration, he honestly believed that his machine would support such a flight, and he was willing to pay the penalty of a mistake in judgment, though he did not expect to do so. That spirit of the gallant Lindbergh was very different from the crazy vanity which impels an actress in search of publicity to persuade an aviator to attempt to take her across from New York to Paris in order to display her lipstick and her frocks.

The people who attempt such things have the rashness of ignorance. They contribute nothing to the world's knowledge, and less than nothing to its book of brave deeds. Rather, by the yellow streak of folly in their attempts, do they cast a shadow over brave deeds done.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world


The Abbey

WE were sorry to see that the feeling of the officials of Westminster Abbey is against an experiment in free admission.

We believe it to be a fact that every cathedral which has adopted free admission has found that free admission pays. Canterbury has increased its income £300 a year by trusting to its visitors.

We are told that one day last year the experiment was tried of throwing the Abbey open free, and that it was an utter failure. We very much hope too much reliance is not being placed on such a test. A special free day in a free cathedral is not a test at all. It means that people do not give because they imagine the fees keep the cathedral going.

What Westminster Abbey needs is what it stands for—Faith.

Listening to Tomorrow

WE have been listening to Australia again, and this thought came to us as we listened to Monday's news on Sunday night.

The first newspapers gave the news a week old. When the telegraph came the news was yesterday's. With the evening papers we took today's news home. Now wireless gives us tomorrow's news.

The world is surely moving.

Little Smith

RATHER a funny letter reached us this week from a grown-up man, a friend of ours, John Smith of New York. We could not think what he was talking about at first when we read it, for he simply began:

There are a million Americans with the name of Smith. There are enough Smiths to replace the entire population of any one of the following States should all its inhabitants move out: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Delaware, Florida, Oregon, Colorado, Utah, and eight other less populous Western States. Not a city would hold them except New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Detroit.

Here we paused to gasp. Evidently poor John had put a wrong letter in our envelope. Then we wearily turned the page and read on:

Odd that easily the jolliest, nicest, cutest, prettiest, and dearest of the whole tribe of Smiths is upstairs in my own house now! In a little cot, with pink curtains, tucked up with a pink eiderdown. Our first little child was born on Sunday morning, and this is what I am writing to tell you!

So now we know. Many happy returns to Little Smith of New York.

The Waste of Genius

WE let Alfred Stevens waste his time designing fireirons and railings when he might have done the lions in Trafalgar Square in a way that would have stiffened our national fibre every time we passed.

Mr. Harold Speed

The Honour of the Town

WE have been delighted to hear of several towns guarding their good name. In one city four public halls have been refused to a lecturer who is not particularly wanted, and we hear of two or three other towns which refused to lower their social status by allowing greyhound tracks.

Tip-Cat

AN M.P. declares he is strongly against raising the school-leaving age. Is he afraid they might send him back to it?

THE bun, we are assured, still holds its own. Which is rarely, nowadays, more than one currant.

NEWS heading says: Peace moves in Free State. Hope it will never move out of it.

A MORNING paper wants to know why city typists eat so many doughnuts. It is just possible that they feel hungry.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If traffic sticks at a jam

ever had. We shall be glad when the time comes to ring it out.

THE human brain is liable to snap at any moment. So is the human tongue.

BRITAIN is described as the rubbish-heap of incompetent foreign artists. They paint, but don't draw.

A SAXOPHONE player is paid £20 a week. His employer calls it a sound investment.

WE are requested by Mr. Peter Puck to say that he is a little tired of hearing of so many people flying the Channel and swimming the Atlantic.

Mighty Canada

CANADA will be getting proud. It is probably thirty years since a British Prime Minister suggested that Ottawa might become the capital of the British Empire, and now one of our great bankers, who has been Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been telling the Canadians that the day will come when the Mother Country will take second place to Canada.

May we not be here to see it.

Livingstone

Livingstone's birthplace at Blantyre has been bought for the nation by popular subscription. Laid among kings! To be a king is duly

To do great things that else are left undone:

His life was one such deed. Then reigned he truly?

Yes, for he knit the hearts of men in one.

The Man Who Had Seen Scotland

By a C.N. Traveller

THE market was over, and men were sweeping up shavings, folding trestle tables, and clearing away the litter. I sat for a moment on a bench and watched the bustle. Soon I became aware of someone behind me; I was in the way perhaps.

"I'm so sorry," I said, jumping up. "That be all right; that be all right," said a cheery voice. It belonged to a little man with corduroy and stout leggings, and the bluest eyes I have ever seen. In his rugged face they shone as if with an immense and secret happiness.

Before us rose the gracious lines of Ely Cathedral, that matchless glory of our island, serene and grey in the distance against the green slope below. The little man paused a moment, following my gaze.

The Glasgow Charabanc

"You think that fine now, eh? (he said); do you come from far?"

"Not very far; only London," I answered. Then, suddenly, the laughter in his eyes flooded his face, and he began to speak like a child bearing great tidings.

"I don't know London," he said; "but I've been to Scotland. My! I used to think the postcards was faked—the hills, you know, and the sky. But they weren't; no, they weren't. Hills there were covered with heather as far as you could see. And great lakes, and the sun on them; it was wonderful."

His eyes had a far-away look, but their brightness was not dimmed. Then he reached the culmination of his joy: "And only the other day I saw—what do you think? A charabanc went by this very market with Glasgow on it, and it was the very charabanc we had in Scotland! I knew it, and my wife came and knew it too. And when it went rattling past I just saw the hills again as real as if I was there." His joy was like a visible thing which I, too, could share.

One Lovely Memory

"You had a wonderful time," I said, "and you will remember it always."

"Ay, that I will," he beamed, rolling up the tarpaulin, "I'll remember it." And, still as eager as a child, he smiled Goodbye and went away.

I could not forget him; and in the great cathedral I said a little prayer for the simple heart which could keep one lovely memory undimmed and beautiful in spite of toil and hardship. I saw him later trundling off in a cart, and I knew his mind was far away, was full of the heather and the water and the sky. Good little fellow, I, too, shall remember!

The Prayer of Christina Rossetti

Open wide the window of our spirits and fill us full of light. Open wide the door of our hearts, that we may receive and entertain Thee with all our powers of adoration and love.

A TIGER AT A WEDDING

THRILLING STORY FROM MALAY

Piercing Cry That Disturbed the Wedding Feast

LONG NIGHT VIGIL

A white man travelling in Malay had an experience the other day which he will not easily forget.

It happened that the daughter of the headman of the village where he was staying was to be married, and the stranger, whose name was Charles Mayer, was invited to the ceremony. Mr. Mayer thought doubtfully about it, as he was recovering from an illness and not at all in the mood to make a figure at a feast. In the end he decided to go.

During the morning he had a little talk with the bride, a pretty girl called Timur. She told him all about the bridegroom, who answered to the queer name of Sony. She was immensely proud of him, and graphically described his skill in spear-throwing. Words failed her when she tried to describe his beauty. Then she said, "Master, he moves like a young fish in clear water." At once the white man had a vision of the slender, lithe Malay.

The Hour of the Wedding

Timur ran away to see to her wedding finery, and the stranger dozed a little under the tree where they had been talking. He was aroused by a tumult round the village well, and, strolling over, discovered a group of Malay boys having a fight and using their knives. One of them had his arm severely cut, and Mr. Mayer sent his servant Ali to bind it up. There was already a pool of blood soaking through the sand. The white man, experienced in jungle dangers, remembered it afterwards, and bitterly reproached himself for not taking the elementary precaution of digging up the stained area.

The hour of the wedding found the village gorgeous and gay. The headman's pretty daughter came at the head of the procession from her father's house, marvellously clad and wearing the jewellery of her kith and kin. Sony was no less gorgeous, also in borrowed plumes.

A Terrible Shriek

While the elders were feasting the village children got hold of the tom-toms and drummed to their hearts' content. As the Sun was about to set they were called in to eat. Suddenly the calm of the jungle village was rent by a terrible shriek. Then silence again. The sound had come from the well.

Sony and the white man were there in a trice—Sony the first. Mr. Mayer saw two things. He saw Sony's spear flash like lightning. He saw a tiger dragging away the headman's daughter.

The spear went home, and the tiger, with a howl of rage, opened his great jaws, dropped his prey, and leaped off into the jungle. Sony swooped on Timur and carried her back to the scene of the feast. She had fainted. No one knew the extent of her injury.

Hope for Timur

The whole village was now in a hubbub. Women were shrieking that the tiger knew their witch doctor was away and that was why he had come. Mr. Mayer knew better. He knew the tiger had been attracted by the smell of blood in the sand by the well where pretty Timur had gone to draw water.

The headman implored the great white man to use his white magic and save his child. Timur was carried up the ladder to her home and Ali went for his master's medicine bag. Mr. Mayer soon saw that there was hope for Timur. Her shoulder had been badly torn by the tiger's teeth where he had seized his prey, but the rest of her body was untouched.

While Mr. Mayer washed the deep tear in the flesh with disinfectant he was

A STORY WITH A HAPPY ENDING

THE penguin is such a trustful fellow, so helpless, and has such a comical expression that he is a general favourite.

Macquarie Island, off Tasmania, was a regular haunt of these quaint birds. There were even more penguins on its beaches than millionaires on the shores of the Lido. Naturalists used to go to laugh at their antics, as some people went to laugh at the antics of the Lido millionaires. Then manufacturers went to see the penguins.

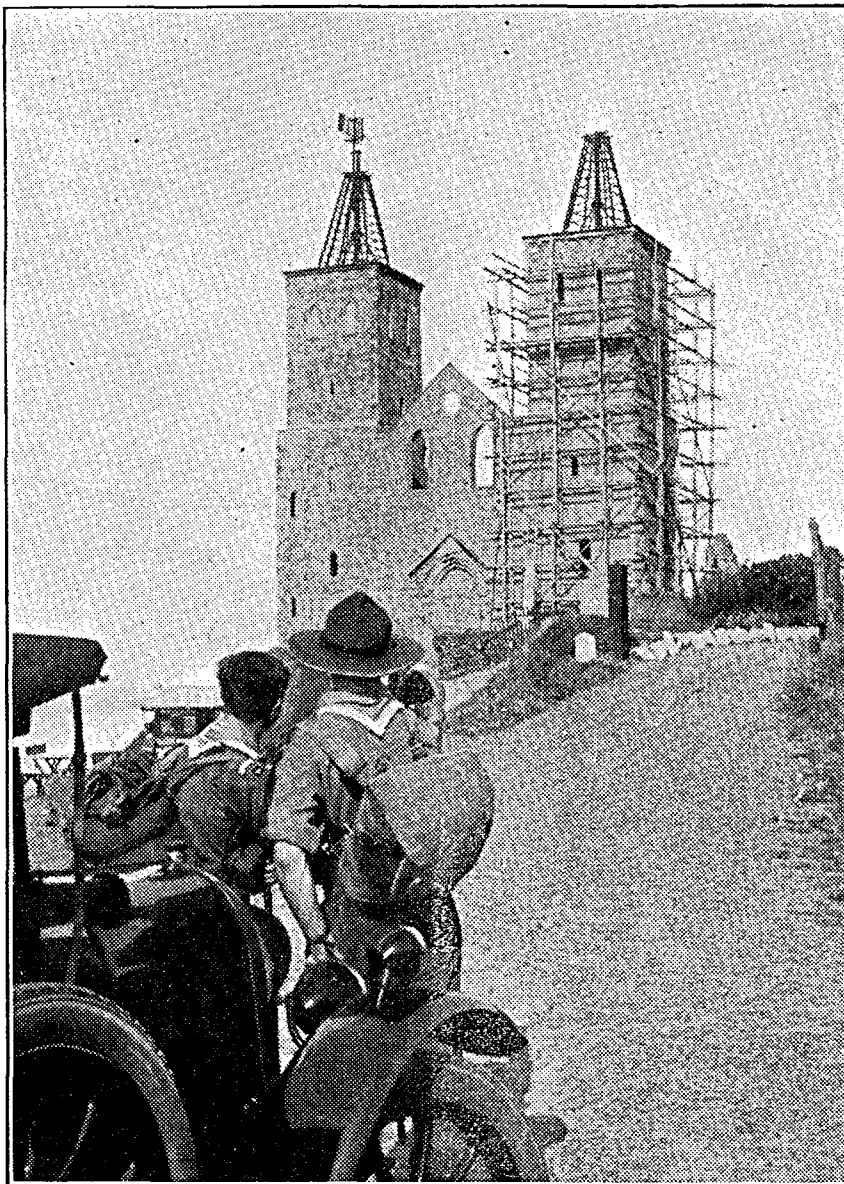
They did not laugh, but they smiled to think how profitable it would be to

boil all those hundreds of fat penguins down for oil. So they leased the island from the Government and set up several stations. For a long time the slaughter went merrily forward.

But when Australian naturalists discovered what was happening they raised such a storm of protest that the Government was obliged to listen, and now every oil station has been closed down.

It is pleasant to think that the funny little birds of Macquarie Island are living in safety again in the place that their ancestors inhabited. *Picture on page one*

PROPPING UP A RUIN



The ruined church at Reculver, which is a very famous historical landmark on the Kent coast, is being renovated by the Department of Ancient Monuments in order to preserve it. This picture shows how one of the towers has been surrounded with scaffolding

conscious of Sony's dark, trusting eyes watching every movement. The child-like faith went to the man's heart. He was no doctor, he was feeling very weak, and it was a nasty wound to tackle.

While he was trying to find some means of binding the shoulder the white man turned suddenly faint, the first signs of the after-trouble he had expected. The wound ought to be stitched before it was bound up. He had no means of doing it. Suddenly an idea struck him. He drew the flesh together and told Sony to hold the wound so. Sony's deft fingers took as good a hold as a surgeon's. The white man then gave his patient a dose of quinine and an opium pill. He spoke to Sony.

"Could you hold the wound so, with the flesh together, until the lamps splutter out and the day dawns?"

"Master," said the bridegroom, "I can hold it until my finger-nails grow and cut into the flesh. Longer would be unwise."

"What Timur has swallowed will quieten the little devils," went on Mr. Mayer. "but a big devil would get in at the hole the tiger made. Keep it closed. Do not stir."

The white man then staggered away to his own quarters.

He dozed a little at dawn, and was awakened by Ali, who was in a fearful state because, as he said, "a big devil had seized Sony by the legs and they were no longer his."

The white man hurried off to the headman's house. He found the faithful Sony squatting exactly where he had left him. Timur was asleep. The young Malay had taken him literally when he told him not to move, and his legs had "gone dead." He made no mention of the ordeal. When Mr. Mayer told him to let go his hold on the girl's shoulder he rolled over like a log.

The wound was already beginning to heal. It was easy now to bind it up. As the last bandage was set in place Timur woke.

"Timur," said the white man, "you will live. You are saved, not by medicine, but by the spear of Sony and by the hands of Sony during the long night."

The lad stumbled to his stiff legs and fell on his knees by Timur. They looked at each other. No words were necessary. Then Sony staggered up again and went out to kill the tiger.

HENRYS BY THE HUNDRED

AND BETSY ON THE STEPS

The Great Family Line Going Back to Coeur de Lion

THE FRUIT-SELLER AT THE CORN EXCHANGE

The other day we read of three families with long and curious traditions. We confess to liking Betsy's best, but because the others are far grander their stories must come first.

The death of Heinrich XXIV of the Reuss elder line reminded us of a tradition that goes back to the days of Coeur de Lion. Emperor Heinrich (Henry) of Hohenstaufen, who kept King Richard in captivity, was very kind to a man whose name was Reuss. He was probably a knight with a little land, and it is likely that he endeared himself to the emperor by courage in battle. In any case, the emperor showed him such favour that the family have christened all their males Henry after their benefactor ever since that time, some eight hundred years ago.

Last of the Elder Line

By 1693 people had got so mixed up between this and that Heinrich Reuss that they started numbering them, as if they were ruling monarchs. The younger line reached Heinrich LXXIV. in 1798, started afresh at I, reached Heinrich XLV. in 1910, and then they began counting again.

The Heinrich who has just died was the last of the elder line, but the younger line is still strong. He was addressed as Serene Highness, for the family were made princes of the Holy Roman Empire in 1778. His sister, Princess Hermine, married the Kaiser after he had run away to Doorn, and she lives with him in exile.

Another sort of tradition is represented by the Ross medals, a collection presented to the Royal Regiment of Artillery by Lieutenant-Colonel Hew Dalrymple Ross of Balkail, on whose death the family will become extinct. The Rosses have been soldiers for generations, and they have won medals in all the famous engagements from the 18th century onward to the Great War. The collection is a military history of England for 150 years as well as a silent story of brave men. It is good to think that it will not be turned over to some second-hand dealer as rubbish when the last Ross is gone.

From Girlhood to Old Age

Altogether different is the tradition of which Betsy is proud. She is 66, and sits on the Corn Exchange steps, selling fruit. Her mother had the pitch before her, and her grandmother had it before that. There they sat, from girlhood to old age, watching the London crowds go by, earning a modest living, braving all sorts of weather, and looking on life with a cheerful smile. We do not know what would have happened if anyone else had tried to steal the pitch, but it is likely that the Betsys would have lain down their lives in its defence. They have held it for 150 years. Long may they hold it! London would miss them badly.

Betsy has just celebrated her 36th year on the steps, and the occasion has been marked by an invitation to take tea with the Lord Mayor of London.

A GIGANTIC MUSHROOM

The heavy rains this summer have caused much damage to the crops in France, and are responsible for certain spontaneous growths. A monster mushroom appeared recently in a garden near Fontainebleau among a bed of parsley. It weighed nearly 12 pounds.

A LONELY PLACE THE C.N. GOES TO Mr. Chaffey Among the Mountains

THE PIONEER SPIRIT IN NEW ZEALAND

Though New Zealand is only about twice the size of England and has very considerable areas prosperously occupied, there are districts in it that have never been adequately surveyed. One of the less well-known parts is the provincial district of Nelson, in the north-west of South Island. There an area of some 10,000 square miles contains a population of about 50,000. Much of it is mountainous, and has yet to be adequately surveyed.

From the midst of its mountains the C.N. has, from time to time, had letters written by one of the loneliest of its pioneers, Mr. H. F. Chaffey, of Asbestos Cottage, Upper Takaka, Nelson, and our mention of him and his work, he writes, has brought him welcome letters from far distant parts of the world.

Work for the Government

In his last letter he tells how he continues to search for minerals, sending specimens of many kinds to be tested and reported on by the authorities. From the Government Mines Department he receives valuable assistance. His collections include specimens of the plant life of the district; he observes and records the local animal and bird life; and he describes for the readers of the New Zealand Press the scenic charms of his surroundings.

He and his wife remain in their mountain home all the year round. Occasionally adventurous prospectors join him and are assisted by him, and sometimes holiday-makers appear. At the New Year, he says, five girls and three men came and stayed for several days. Before that Mrs. Chaffey had not seen one of her sex for four years.

This fine specimen of the pioneers who open up lands hitherto unknown is now fifty-nine, and still does not seem to contemplate any slowing-down of his efforts to add another area to the range of human conquest. In our friend Mr. Chaffey we give our readers a glimpse of the true spirit of adventure which has built up the Empire and is sustaining it in the face of danger and adversity.

THE WONDERFUL CARPET A Toy for a Museum

We are sure the Queen will soon be visiting the Victoria and Albert Museum to see a new exhibit.

Her Majesty loves antiques, and she loves dolls' houses, so she is certain to be interested in the world's smallest carpet, which is 400 years old.

Perhaps there is an even smaller carpet in the wonderful Doll's House made for the Queen by artists, sculptors, architects, and writers, but the one presented to the museum is a unique specimen all the same.

It is 34 inches by 21, and there are 300 stitches to the square inch. The design is a very beautiful Indian one, and experts say it was made in the royal factory at Lahore or Agra during the 16th century.

Mr. French Kemp, who gave it to the museum, found it in the shop of an Armenian dealer in Paris. Neither he nor anyone else can tell us why the lovely little carpet was made.

Did Tom Thumb visit the Court of a rajah, and was this carpet woven for him? Or did Titania bespeak it as a wedding present for Oberon? It is vain to ask.

There is another person who ought to see the tiny carpet as well as the Queen. Did not Mr. Walter De la Mare write the Memoirs of a Midget, and might he not weave a new romance around this magic carpet?

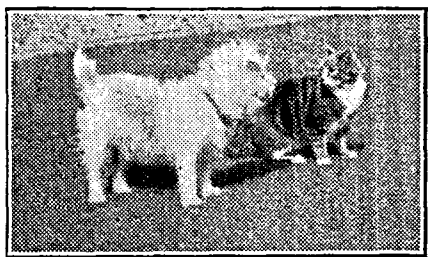
MICK AND PETER DOWN AT BRIGHTON

It is sometimes said that there is a natural antagonism between cats and dogs. A Bournemouth reader sends us an instance of an entirely different feeling between them.

Recently, while visiting friends at Brighton (he says), I was interested constantly in a dog and cat and their friendship.

Mick, the dog, white, fluffy, and of doubtful breed, was, I was told, two years old when Peter, the cat, was born. At once Mick showed a lively interest in Peter, and as soon as Peter could move freely about and lap milk Mick adopted him. He attended to his toilet diligently, licking him all over, watched over his feeding, played with him by day, and at night took him into his own sleeping-basket.

Now Peter is a handsome, full-grown cat, almost as big as Mick, but he continues just the same relationship with the doggy guardian of his kitten-



Mick and Peter

hood. They may often be seen washing each other at the same time. They have their meals together always, each with his own dish, and Mick, who is a gentleman, will not eat a bite till Peter has first begun his meal.

Breakfast over, they adjourn to the lawn and play together exactly as two dogs would play. Mick strikes an attitude that means "What about a romp?" Peter responds with a slightly arched back, which means "All right! Come on!" Instantly at it they go, standing up to wrestle to see which shall "down" the other, and then tussling on the ground in a mixed furry and hairy heap. Both show enjoyment, not anger, and renew the romp again and again without ever a bite or scratch, though Mick makes a growling pretence that he is really fighting.

Ready for a Game

Of course Peter has his own wanderings by day and night, and Mick forgets him whenever anybody picks up a hat or a walking-stick. But when he returns and you say "Find Peter!" he is off like a shot, and will discover him if he is anywhere in the grounds. Sometimes the energetic Mick will want a game when the lethargic Peter is sunning himself on a wall. Then Mick will fetch his master or his mistress and ask them, by barking, to reach Peter down from the wall.

Neither animal has the faintest trace of jealousy. Any such feeling is lost in mutual affection and admiration.

Bedtime

When their supper and bedtime have come, and the doors are to be closed for the night, Peter, who loves the night, is often out. Then the order "Fetch Peter!" sends Mick out hunting, and within a minute or two he returns with his mate, and after supper they settle themselves together in the sleeping-basket under the kitchen table.

In the morning, as soon as the kitchen is astir, the dog and cat appear together on the bedroom storey and greet all the members of the household, including any visitors who may have won their favour, Mick announcing them outside each door with a polite "whuff" or a bark, not sharp or intrusive, but clearly meaning "Please let us in!"

We thank our correspondent for his sympathetic account of this very happy companionship.

THE BEARS AT A PICNIC A Tale From the Cradle of the War

Everyone knows how Goldilocks invaded the house of the three bears, ate their porridge, and slept in the littlest one's bed. Now some bears near Sarajevo (the place where the Great War was started) have carried out reprisals.

There is a large sanatorium near the town, and the other day a picnic had been arranged in the grounds. Patients and nurses were beginning the repast when suddenly someone screamed and pointed to five bears ambling toward them.

All jumped up and ran to the house as fast as they could. From the windows they saw the tantalising sight of the bears enjoying the picnic food. Then the furry visitors turned and ambled back to a wood adjoining the sanatorium grounds.

The police were summoned, but they said bears could not be shot because they were protected by law in this district, and they could not be arrested because there were no cages at the police station. But the heads of the sanatorium insisted that something must be done, for everyone was too frightened to leave the house.

So the police said they would chase the bears away with sticks and terrifying noises, and they did so. The bears were hunted to a mountain, where we hope they will live happily ever after.

TOMTIT ON THE DOORSTEP

A Little Scene in East London

A dweller in South-East London was astonished the other morning to find that someone had tampered with the bottle of milk left on his doorstep.

The cardboard disc which fits the mouth of the bottle and is so difficult to remove had been taken off, and some 40 fragments of it lay round about.

Who could have done it? A human being would not have gone to work in this way. The householder thought the thief must be a cat or a rat, and he kept watch the next morning.

No sooner had the milkman gone than a tomtit alighted on the rim of the bottle and started pecking vigorously at the cardboard cover.

There was plenty of water lying about, so Tom evidently did not want a drink. What he wanted was fat, the rich cream on the top of the milk.

The householder is going to hang a piece of something suitable near the back door in the hope that Tom will leave the milk alone when there are other forms of his favourite food available.

What the householder wants to know is how the tomtit knew there was cream in the sealed bottle. We should like to know too. The tomtit is evidently an intelligent fellow.

CLOCKWORK WIRELESS Hospital's Wonderful Set

There has just been put into use at Lambeth Hospital what is probably the most wonderful wireless installation at any hospital in the world.

All the buildings within the hospital are connected with the central set, and entertainments given at the hospital can be enjoyed by all the inmates, besides the broadcast programmes from London and Daventry.

The control of the set is automatic, and almost the only attention needed is once a fortnight, when two clocks must be wound up.

At present there are 67 loud-speakers and four hundred pairs of headphones to serve the fourteen hundred patients and staff, but the equipment can be increased to eighty loud-speakers and two thousand pairs of headphones without unduly taxing the set.

A GOLDFISH MYSTERY Strange Disappearance From a Pond

THE WATCH IN THE NIGHT

The following bird story comes to us from a North London reader.

The purchaser of a charming property had his eye particularly on a little pond in a corner of the garden. As a lover of all animal life he foresaw much enjoyment to be obtained from that pond. At once he cleared it and made it the happy home of ten goldfish.

Strolling round the garden one morning to admire them again and to see if they had eaten their food, he was amazed to find no fish there.

What could have happened to them? Surely burglars would not condescend to take goldfish! Their disappearance was an unsolved mystery. But he resolved to try again, and this time he stocked the pond with nine goldfish. The next morning he was up early to see how his fish were thriving. They were not there.

Determined not to be beaten, he went out and bought another little shoal (seven this time), and made up his mind to spend the night in a little summer-house in the garden and watch the pond, after the gardener had kept it in sight during the day.

As Dawn Was Breaking

A camp-bed, cushions, and rugs made him comfortable during a quiet night. Nothing happened, and the watch seemed needless till, just as dawn was breaking, he was aroused from his drowsiness by a flapping sound above his head. Then he saw two large birds and a smaller one drop on the lawn near the summer-house. He could not see them well, but from the sounds they made they seemed to be having a little family quarrel. Then they strolled off in the direction of the pond and walked into it. A dip of their bills, and then something shiny dropped into the water.

Clapping his hands, the man rushed to the pond, and three long-legged birds rose hastily from it. But there were only four goldfish left! Two herons had been teaching their daughter where to look if she wanted a really dainty breakfast on a summer morning.

The four goldfish are still there, but there is fine wire netting over the pond.

THE TWENTY GREEN PILLARS

Africa in the City

In the entrance hall of the opulent new bank of the Poultry in the City of London twenty gleaming pillars of green marble hold up the roof.

They are marble which no one has ever seen before in such profusion, and wealthy depositors in the bank stop to ask about them.

The pillars, they are told, might be called marble, but their real name is African verdite, and till now this rare mineral which crops out in the dark heart of the African bush has only been brought to Europe in bits.

But the new bank, anxious for something to do it credit, sent out a special expedition to Africa to collect all the green verdite that could be found. The story of the quarrying and the tale of the toil with which it was dragged to the coast to be shipped are among those romances of commerce which nobody thinks romantic because they are all in the day's work and taken as a matter of course. Mr. Kipling said that Romance brought up the 9.15. It is money sometimes that brings up romance.

It is romantic for the sober citizens of busy London to look from the traffic of the Poultry into the hall of this City bank and see there a bit of Africa which until lately had lain untouched since the building of London was begun.

THE MYSTERIOUS FACE

A Fuss About a Portrait QUEER STORY FROM SERBIA

A queer story of credulity comes from Belgrade, where there has been much excitement among Spiritualists concerning a photograph with two faces appearing on it.

It is customary in this part of Yugoslavia to fix a framed photograph of a dead man to his tombstone. Soon after a youth named Joza Stirbu was buried a second face appeared on his photograph. It was his brother's, who had been killed in an accident.

Some people calling themselves Spiritualists hailed it as a miracle, and some did not hesitate to say that Joza must have killed his brother, and that the murdered man's face had appeared as a sign that Fate had avenged the crime.

The anguished parents had the photograph replaced by another, and again the second face appeared.

Then a newspaper reporter got to work and solved the mystery. After all there was no miracle.

Joza's photograph had been taken from an old family group. His brother, who was sitting just in front of him, had been blocked out, but exposure caused the material used to run and deteriorate, so that the blocked-out face began to show through.

Behind every ghost story in the world is one of two things—either a pure invention or some simple explanation of the mystery like this.

PACKS OF HOUNDS AND HOMES FOR CHILDREN

Where the Money Goes

It is estimated that the approximate cost of running a first-class pack of hounds is £20,000 a year.

This sum covers expenses in connection with hounds and kennels, the upkeep of coverts, and settlement of claims for damage and loss of poultry.

Of course there are dozens of packs in England, and the total amount of money spent every year on fox-hunting must be enormous.

How cheaply by comparison are Dr. Barnardo's Homes run! They shelter 5679 children, who are fed, clothed, housed, and trained in some trade, and the annual cost is £500,000. Many of the children need special diet and treatment, and the upkeep of England's third largest hospital for children is included in that figure.

Nearly six thousand children cost only as much as the upkeep of twenty-five packs of hounds. So children are really cheaper than foxes.

ELISE MOULIN AND HER RIVER

A Daughter of the Loire

There is a little girl in France who has something which every boy and girl would envy. She has a river.

She greatly surprised the school examiner by telling him of it. He had been questioning the village class at Coucouron in the Department of Ardèche about geography, and he turned to ask her where the River Loire rose.

"In our stable," replied young Elise Moulin. The surprised examiner, who must have thought she could not know what she was saying, made inquiries, and then went to see her father's farm.

It was quite true! The Loire, which runs for 650 miles through France, with fine cities like Orleans and Tours and lovely castles like Amboise and Blois on its banks, rises from a spring beside the wall of Farmer Moulin's stable.

Everyone would love to have a stream running through the garden, but fancy having a great river beginning there!

ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN ART

The Father of English Painting

William Hogarth was born on November 10, 1697.

William Hogarth, who belongs more truly to London than any other great English painter, was born on November 10, 1697, in Bartholomew Close in the City.

The boy did not get much schooling. He was apprenticed at an early age to a silver-plate engraver. William's work was of all kinds—doing errands, engraving arms on silver-plate and ornaments. He welcomed any chance that sent him into the streets, for from his earliest days he found an overwhelming interest in the faces of passers-by.

A Social Satirist

He had a queer liking for the repulsive in human nature. He visited Newgate Gaol, drew people who were about to die, watched intently the faces of men and women who were regarding unpleasant things, like the heads of traitors stuck high on Temple Bar. All his life he carried bits of paper and pencil handy to make lightning sketches. When all else failed he drew the features of a passing face on his nail and reproduced it the minute he got home.

Thus was laid the foundation of Hogarth's great work, not only as a painter but as a satirist. His brush was like a bitter tongue, emphasising the worst kind of human failings and follies. This is best seen in a series of pictures of the life of his day, like *Marriage à la Mode*, *A Rake's Progress*, *The Election*. But, apart from this kind of work, Hogarth painted very fine portraits. He was the father of English painting. Until then portraits had been painted by Holbein, Van Dyck, and Sir Peter Lely, who were foreigners. With Hogarth the famous school of English portrait painters begins.

In Thornhill's Art School

He got his training for this work after his apprenticeship to the silver-plate engraver came to an end, when he was twenty-three. For prudence sake he began engraving on his own account, but his chief work was the drawing he did in an art school called the St. Martin's Lane Academy, the head of which was Sir James Thornhill.

Thornhill is remembered today for the pictures he painted in the dome of St. Paul's, and for the fact that he was the master of Hogarth. This is one of time's little revenges, for Thornhill thought pretty well of himself and despised "that common little Hogarth." His grandeur and pride were very badly hit when one day little Hogarth ran away with Thornhill's only daughter Jane. They fled to the little village of Paddington and there got married.

Active in Public Work

Other people were beginning to see what a master Hogarth was. He began painting a great many pictures of the social life of his day—work which even the men of his generation could see stood quite apart. He was rather a vain little man, with a liking for smart clothes. He set up house in Leicester Fields (now Leicester Square), and "little Hogarth in a sky-blue coat" became quite a character.

After a time Thornhill forgave his Jane; and he lived long enough to see honours piled on his despised son-in-law, who was a friend of all the artists of the day and of great men like Dr. Johnson and Samuel Richardson.

In his middle age and later years Hogarth became active in public work. He interested himself in the Foundling Hospital and got a number of artists to help him to decorate the walls for nothing.

He became well-to-do as a result of his ceaseless industry, and presently took a house in Chiswick, in what is now called Hogarth Lane. He died in 1764, and was buried in Chiswick churchyard.

SUGAR MADE TO ORDER

Chemical Triumph on the Way

ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME

In the laboratories at Liverpool University Professor Baly and his fellow chemists have been humbly imitating the plants.

Plants make sugar out of the thin air, and do it without troubling their heads. They employ light and rain and the salts of the soil to conduct a mysterious chemical operation which has long been the despair of human chemists.

Not long before the war Professor Benjamin Moore thought he saw light and a way to imitate the plant in its wonderful proceedings, and he took the first step in imitation of the sugar-building process.

Sir Harry Lauder's Schoolboy

But the half-way house in the laboratory manufacture of the plant's daily foodstuff which he reached was so short a step that another great scientific man said it reminded him of Sir Harry Lauder's schoolboy, who, pulling a number of miscellaneous articles out of his trousers pocket, said of one of them: "That's a washer; it's for making motor-cars."

The motor-car is far less complicated than the sugars and starches which the plant makes, and the mechanism is far easier to understand. But Professor Baly has gone a step farther, and it seems to be now only a question of time before chemists will actually be able to make synthetic sugar, as they now make synthetic indigo, and are also able to make synthetic rubber.

Whether it will ever be as cheap or as handy to do this with hard work in the laboratory as the plant does with no exertion at all is doubtful. But what is important is that chemists should add to the sum of human knowledge the understanding of how it happens.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address.

Of What Race Are the Gurkhas?

They have sprung from the intermingling of Indo-Afghan and Mongolic races.

Do Goldfish Sleep and Do They Close Their Eyes?

They sleep, but they do not close their eyes as they have no eyelids.

How Much is a Mile of Pennies Worth?

A penny is one and three-sixteenths inches in diameter, so that a mile of pennies would contain 53,355 pennies, or £222 6s. 3d.

Why Does Wood Crackle When Burning?

This is due to a series of tiny explosions caused by the heat expanding air and gas enclosed in tiny chambers in the wood.

Who Was Julius Agricola?

A famous Roman general and historian, father-in-law of Tacitus and Governor of Britain from A.D. 78 to 85. His life was written by Tacitus.

Do the Coconuts Sold in England Contain Their Original Milk?

Yes; the liquid called coconut milk is produced by the nut for the benefit of the young plant when it begins to grow from the seed inside the shell.

When Does the Day Begin?

At midnight in that part of the world known as the date line, an imaginary and irregular line running from North to South on the opposite side of the world from the Greenwich meridian.

Who Was Hurdie, and When Did He Live?

James Hurdie (born 1763, died 1801) was a poet and friend of William Cowper and Professor of Poetry at Oxford University. His son, James Henry Hurdie, who lived from 1800 to 1857, was an artist and friend of George Cruikshank.

Should Plants Be Taken Out of a Bedroom at Night?

Yes; for while in the daytime they help to ventilate a room by making fresh oxygen owing to the Sun's action on them, at night this action ceases and the plants breathe out a little carbon dioxide and help to poison the air.

THE BLACK DOT MERCURY CROSSES THE SUN'S FACE

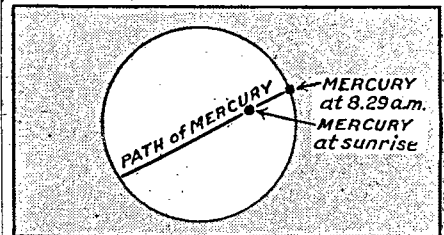
Proof That the Planet Has Little or No Atmosphere NEXT WEEK'S RARE EVENT

By the C.N. Astronomer

Early next Thursday morning, November 10, the planet Mercury will cross the Sun's disc.

A part of this great astronomical event may be witnessed, if the sky is clear, soon after sunrise, when Mercury may be seen through field-glasses as a tiny black dot. When observing, it is important that a piece of darkly-tinted glass or a very dense photographic negative be held close to the eye end of the glasses to protect the eyes.

Without optical aid it will not be possible to see this little fleeting planet on the Sun, as it were; but through an astronomical telescope the sight will be



The transit of Mercury across the Sun's disc

impressive, for then Mercury will appear as a black disc—which may appear as large as the Moon seen with the naked eye.

The writer, who has twice observed Mercury in transit, was much impressed with the sight of that little world slowly passing by those great solar whirlpools of fire called sunspots, which appeared large enough to swallow several such worlds.

It is possible that such a view may be obtained next Thursday, for as this is the period of sunspot maxima some are nearly always present. The low altitude of the Sun will, however, make observation difficult.

When the Sun rises, at 9 minutes after 7 o'clock, Mercury will be about three-quarters of the way across his disc, toward the upper, or west, side as shown in the picture. During the next hour and a half the planet's little sphere (which, by the way, is 3000 miles in diameter) will gradually pass across the remaining part of the Sun's face, leaving the edge at 29 minutes past 8, Greenwich time. A minute before this the singular spectacle may be witnessed (through a powerful telescope) of one half of Mercury silhouetted against the Sun, the other half against the sky.

Sun's Rays Not Bent

It is then it becomes obvious that Mercury has no appreciable atmosphere, for there is no bright ring of refracted sunlight bent around his little globe, as is seen when Venus is in transit. The light passes straight from the Sun toward us, across the edge of Mercury's little globe, with no perceptible bending, or refraction, as is the case with the Moon when she is in front of the Sun.

It is not, however, conclusive evidence that there is no atmosphere on either Mercury or the Moon, but that if there be any it must be very rarefied.

As Mercury is now near perihelion (or his nearest point to the Sun) he will be about 63 million miles from us and 30 million miles from the Sun, so his little disc will appear much smaller than if he had been near aphelion and but 50 million miles away.

Though Mercury passes between the Earth and the Sun at intervals of 116 days, it will not be until 1940 that he will pass so as to appear visible on the solar disc again.

However, in a fortnight we may see Mercury again in the south-east before sunrise.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Jupiter and Uranus south, Saturn south-west. In the morning Venus in the east.

DESERT ISLAND

The Story of a
Modern Crusoe

By
Marjory Royce

CHAPTER 12 A Find

THERE was nobody at home apparently. They went to the foot of the staircase, stumbled up its crazy stairs, for they were rotting away. They led to the remains of an attic, but the roof had gone save for a few rafters, and there was nobody there but a frightened pigeon that flew, fluttering, away. In one corner leaned a harp with only two strings.

"Be careful," warned Rafe as John tried the rickety floor by thumping on it.

But the warning came too late; John's feet had gone through the floor. He fell, but was held up in the hole he had made. And then Rafe's feet suddenly crashed downward, and there was a rumble of falling masonry. It had been too much for the poor crazy old roof.

Rafe scrambled up gingerly, and he and Monica hauled up John, who did not appear to be hurt.

"A pity we went up," he observed, when they were all safely downstairs again. "It might have been a shelter if we have much rain. What are you staring at, Rafe?"

"This hour-glass," said Rafe, who had been rather shaken by his fall. "By the way, has anyone got a watch?"

John shook his head.

"Mine's no good," Rafe said, taking it out. "I forgot to bring the key, along, and it's stopped. If we are going to stay here till Mr. Brackley has finished being mad on the island of Kerrafy I think we ought to know the time. Of course the Sun's overhead at midday, and due south at four. Every-ass knows that. But this hour-glass will save lots of trouble."

He and John brought it carefully out. It was the shape of the ordinary ones we all too rarely see now, but it was twelve times as large, and on its base was painted in old English lettering, "I ranne twelve houres."

The sand was draining through steadily. Rafe was gazing at it curiously.

"I'd like to know who turned this upside down four hours ago," he said slowly. "The sand is pouring now. Somebody has been here."

Just then Alastair caused a diversion by appearing at the door of the hut with two tern's eggs in his cap. They were of stone-buff colour, with pretty brown and grey markings.

"Oh, splendid fellow!" cried Rafe. "But how did you swim ashore with these to carry?" he asked curiously.

"I put them in a paper bag that I found in my pocket. I held it in my mouth," said Alastair, beaming with modest pride.

"Splendid fellow!" said Rafe again. "But, I say, isn't it a fact that birds nest in the springtime? Why should you be finding eggs now, in August?"

Alastair's face changed.

John seized one of the eggs, cracked it, and sniffed.

With a gesture of disgust he threw it from him.

"Bad!" he pronounced. "All you've done for us, Miles, is to find us two rotten eggs! They were laid in the spring. What an ass you were, weren't you?"

"Stop that," said Rafe, who was feeling rather sorry for Alastair. "I shall have to call a Tribal Council at once to talk things over."

CHAPTER 13 The Message

Nobody really cared very much about that Tribal Council. Everybody except Rafe seemed to have forgotten all about the message on the sands; every trace of it had now disappeared under

the wide, salt tide. When could it have been written?

Rafe tried to think it out, perched on a rock a little away from the others, his eyes scanning the sea for signs of a ship.

Who had written the message? And who had turned the hour-glass?

Alastair was bathing again, splashing in the waves with Teddy. In vain Rafe had shouted to them that they must make ready for a Council. They wanted to bathe; and they did. It was a gorgeous morning, and it was now about twelve o'clock. Monica Mildred recklessly brought out the remains of the huge plum cake. They tried to get the Bovril, but Rafe stuck to that. They cut the cake with Rafe's knife. He felt that if they were going to be marooned it would be quite the wrong thing to own a knife; the people in books always made them by collecting flints and sharpening them painfully.

Corinne was lying on the sand, trying to catch little fish in a clear pool. Monica was helping her. Hilary was absorbed in drawing a picture of King George on the sand. John was reading a scrap of paper; he would neither bathe nor paddle.

"What's that?" said Rafe, calling him.

"It's only an advertisement I picked up on the boat; it's the only thing I've got to read; it's part of a Stores list."

"Let's look at it," said Rafe, and read:

"Household tea a pound, one shilling and elevenpence; Holborn special blend of India and Ceylon, two shillings and threepence. Fine dessert fruits in heavy syrups, six tins for five shillings. Potted meats, chicken and ham, sardine and sausage, a pot, sixpence halfpenny."

It made him feel rather hungry. He was also overcome with a sense of responsibility—with his eyes now on the bathers, now on Hilary, now on John, now on Corinne and Monica, all occupied in the sunlight. Rafe sighed happily. He liked to feel he was in charge. He was going to have that Council and to get things shipshape—even if Uncle Bluster did spoil everything by coming back to call for them this very day.

Suddenly he became aware that Alastair and Teddy were trying to attract his attention.

"We've found a bottle, an ordinary bottle!" shouted Alastair. "Don't you think we ought to write a message in it and send it out to sea in case Mr. Brackley never comes?"

"Most excellent!" said the leader.

He was vexed and saddened by the fact that he had not brought his diary. Even if the island trip came to an end quite soon it would have been gorgeous fun writing all about it. He fished out a little stubby pencil and utilised the only bit of blank paper he could find—an old envelope. On the back of it he wrote:

The Isle of Lithranmore
August the eleventh

Marooned, a party of six, Edward Rafe Anthony and Hilary Tom Longdale, Monica M. Hewart, John Hewart, Corinne Hewart, Alastair Miles.

Come at once. Bring bread and butter, plum puddings and milk, and turkeys and chocolates. To the rescue!

Signed RAFE, Tribal Chief.

He read it to Hilary. "Tribal Chief!" said the younger twin. "I wonder what Teddy and John will say to that! They're older than you."

"They won't mind." "I'm afraid we shall be picked up this evening," said Hilary. "They can't do without us at Crow's

Nest. Mr. Prendergast will be so dull. And Ah Sing will only have to serve supper for one. And Ruffles will be howling pitifully, and be chewed up by the tiger cub."

"Oh, shut up!" said Rafe. "I hate to think of Ruffles."

He sealed up the green glass bottle and, going to a promontory, dropped it into a deep wave. Then he came back and began marking out a camp on the patch of grass which met the sands. First he found a strong stick lying on the grass behind the shore, and with this he scored out a semi-circle. In the middle he laid a fire, neatly, beautifully, with the sticks in criss-cross fashion. Then he made a sand heap for himself to sit on facing the fire and the semi-circle, having first gathered an emergency store of wood from below some bushes on the little hill. It took a long time.

"I shall make John the Keeper of the Garbage," he meditated; "and Corinne the Beater of the Tom-tom." He thought a moment, and then went on: "And Teddy shall be our Medicine Man, and Alastair Camp Storyteller, and Monica Keeper of the Cave-Houses. Hilary's such a little ass I don't think I shall make him anything."

He thought hard. "We'd better all meet at once and see about getting dinner. There's such a lot to think of! We must explore the whole island, and make a map of it. We must hunt for the Hermit and track him down. We must make a list of every single thing we have got with us. I wish Monica Mildred would give me back my whistle!"

Rafe strolled up to Monica Mildred, who was lying face downward on the sands, fishing in a pool for little jelly-fish with her hands. Corinne was beside her.

"I say, Monica, may I have my whistle?"

"No. I shall want to call you all in for meals," was all the reply he got. Monica Mildred did not look up. She lay there in her warm grey jersey and short grey woollen skirt, perfectly happy and absorbed.

It was a wonderful day for that northern part of the world, blue and balmy.

"I think we can catch some whelks for lunch," observed Monica. "Do you cook them or eat them raw? Isn't it topping weather? Oh, look at those funny little fountains spouting up on the sands!"

She rose and dragged Corinne to her feet, and, followed by Rafe, they went down the flat yellow expanse of beach till the sands became wet near the edge of the sea. Here they saw little spurts of liquid going up at intervals. John was engaged in tugging gently at something, and just at that moment

he pulled up a razor-fish—a long, thin creature in a case, with a white fishy bulb protruding at one end like a root. Close by Alastair watched keenly.

"Get something to put him in! He'll make splendid bait," shouted John.

Everybody forgot everything else but digging out fish for a little time, and no less than five razor-fish were secured. Rafe caught one, John three, and Alastair one.

"Now we'll go fishing," said Teddy, joining the party. "Let's have a look at the hermit's boat," and he pointed along the shore to it.

But Rafe had other ideas. "Now that you are all here," he said in an impressive voice, "I want you to put off fishing just for a little. We must have a Tribal Council and decide what we are going to do, for we are certainly on a deserted island."

"Oh, rubbish!" said Teddy impatiently, with an eye on the boat. "I say, I am wet! We must get on with catching some food; I'm beginning to get hungry again. We shall want dinner presently."

"I know, I know!" said poor Rafe. "That's what I want to talk about."

"Talking won't provide dinner," was the withering reply.

Nothing would daunt the enthusiasm of the fishers. They ran toward the boat, a small light one, which lay on the shingle a little distance off.

"Hurray!" cried Teddy, pulling up a fishing-line and hook from the bottom of it. "Here's some tackle. I can use this. Who's going to row? Shall I? I used to at Eastbourne."

"Uncle Bluster told us that the boat leaked, don't you remember?" cried John. "Let's have a look!"

It had been a really good boat once, and still had touches of beautiful green paint about it. The children, hanging eagerly over it, saw that the name was painted on it: *Ghost*.

"What a silly name!" said Monica Mildred in healthy scorn. "Alastair, does it make you feel pale?"

"Did your Scottish godfather tell you a story about an enchanted boat?" teased Teddy.

Alastair was furious, but said nothing; he turned away to sulk.

"We are always hurting that chap's feelings," thought Rafe.

"Now, come on! Pull her out; we're ready!" yelled Hilary, who was madly excited.

"Wait a minute! We must see what's wrong with her first," said Teddy, and Rafe clambered over the side and gazed anxiously at the bottom.

"There's a hole," he announced. "Just the place for the bung. Is there any sign of it lying about?"

The shore was strewn with various bits of debris, but no bung was there. It was only too clear that it was lost.

They hunted carefully on the shore close by the old boat; there was no sign of it. The missing part was only about an inch across.

"We'll stuff a handkerchief in!" said Monica, and her voice thrilled with joy. "How I've always longed to fish! Who's going to row?"

"Teddy can row," said John.

Monica Mildred was saying: "And I'm coming, I'm coming," still in that hysterical voice of delight. And then Corinne began to dance and to stamp and jump, shouting "Me too!"

"You're not to go, girls!" commanded Rafe sternly. "It may not be safe. And that handkerchief is less than no good. Take it out, Monica Mildred; you'll have lots of things to use it for yet. And, Ted, look here! Don't be such an utter ass as to start with a hole in the bottom. You'll be flooded."

"We can bale," called out Hilary, waving his cap.

John, Hilary, and Teddy were so crazy with excitement that their one idea was to launch forth on the deep, hole or no hole.

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

Mr. Nod

YEARS ago, before the Great War, Elspeth, the daughter of the German Consul, living happily in England, was standing before her mother's long mirror, clad in gleaming white, with a wreath of myrtle crowning her golden plaits.

Elspeth was only eighteen, and the youngest of the family, but it was her wedding-day.

There was a joyous stir in the house—girl friends and sisters helping her to dress, servants peeping in at the fairy vision of the little bride.

Someone else, too, forgot his dignity, and came to admire, Mr. Nod, the great black puss that lived in the kitchen, aloof and solitary as a raven.

But that day his character seemed changed. He was all affability and desire to please.

With crooning purr and coaxing touches he rubbed the black velvet of his coat against the white satin of the bride's gown.

"Are not animals strange things?" asked Elspeth. "Here is Nod, who never takes any notice of me, he is so jealous of my pug, and just look at him now! He might know I am going to be married."

With an air of being on important business Mr. Nod turned, and hastened from the room. In five minutes he was back again with a dainty little cat, as black as himself, following in his wake. Presently the two black cats raised their yellow eyes questioningly to the smiling, rosy face of the little bride.

Dared they trust her? Yes; she was the right person to ask, and the hour was a timely one.

Jostling each other in their excitement, they dashed from the room.

Presently there was a scream from the cook outside:

"Here comes Nod up the stairs again, and he has a rat in his mouth!"

But it was not a rat which he carried into the room and laid at Elspeth's feet; just a fat, black kitten. Little Mrs. Nod followed after, staggering under the weight of another black kitten, which she dropped beside the first, then circled round, mewing plaintively with mother anxiety till Elspeth stooped and patted the two furry balls.

Once more the golden eyes besought her. Dared they venture again? Yes, they dared.

Wildly away galloped Mr. and Mrs. Nod, and returned with two more black kittens.

"As if I had not other things to worry me today!" lamented Elspeth's mother. "To think I have lived for seven years with just one black cat in the house, and now, on Elspeth's wedding-day, I have six!"

"Four black cats," said Elspeth firmly. "I shall have two for my new home. And you are not to give the others away. It would be too unkind, seeing that Nod was so trusting as to put all his family in my care on my wedding-day!"

The Paper For Your Little Brother or Sister

CHICKS' OWN

This jolly paper is specially written and printed for VERY little children. Only easy words which *any* child can understand are used, and they are divided into syllables to make reading easy. With CHICKS' OWN children learn to read while enjoying to the full its bright Coloured Pictures, splendid stories, and funny jokes. Buy a copy TODAY. It is on sale every Tuesday.

Price 2d.



Now Friendly Hearths Begin to Glow



THE BRAN TUB

Transposition

DIRECT, I very small appear;
Transpose, and then the news
is near;
Subtract a letter from my name,
To please a boy the rest remain;
Or if the same be backward read
Twill please the potter in his stead.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Condor

The Condor, which belongs to the same family as the vulture, is found up to the immense height of 16,000 feet in the Andes. Its head is quite bare, it has a white ruff round its neck, and its plumage is black. It is a very large bird, the male being about 48 inches long, with a wing-span of eight or nine feet. It will attack horses, cows, and the smaller domestic animals. Owing to its weak claws, the Condor, contrary to a wide belief, is unable to carry off animals of any size.

Ici On Parle Français



Le pied Le champignon Le pigeon

Le bébé va pieds nus sur le sable
Certains champignons sont vénéneux
Le sommet de ce pigeon est très aigu

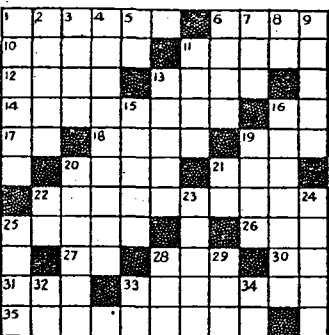
Changed Letters

I AM a flower made up of four letters; change my first, and I am part of the face; change my second, and I am a verb meaning to get up; change my third, and I am a thick cord; change my last, and I am a Scottish county.

Answer next week

Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 46 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. The clues are given below and the answers will appear next week.



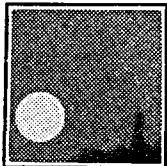
Reading Across. 1. A gun. 6. A report. 10. An Oriental Christian church. 11. A large, fleshy fruit. 12. A token. 13. A chair. 14. A singer. 16. Exists. 17. A printer's measure. 18. Surrounded by. 19. To expire. 20. Ireland. 21. Obscure. 22. Playfully. 25. A pastoral staff. 26. A beverage. 27. Postscript (abbrev.). 28. The firmament. 30. South Carolina (abbrev.). 31. An English river. 33. A marsh plant. 35. The state of being upright.

Reading Down. 1. A bivalve shellfish. 2. Junction. 3. An omen. 4. Marsupials. 5. French for and. 6. Fur-bearing animal. 7. Altitude (abbrev.). 8. Negative. 9. A goblin. 11. Reward. 13. To limit. 16. Purposeless. 19. A legislative assembly. 20. An epic poem. 21. God willing (abbrev.). 22. Southern Railway (abbrev.). 23. Strong thread used by shoemakers. 24. A sailing-vessel. 25. A systematic collection of laws. 28. The solar planet. 29. Yours (abbrev.). 32. Symbol for the late king. 33. Baronet (abbrev.). 34. Personal pronoun.

Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE hooded crow has now arrived. The bunting's song ceases. The

leaves of the larch are turning yellow. Among trees that are now almost, if not quite, stripped of their leaves are the white poplar, cherry, crab-apple, laburnum, whitethorn, apple, syringa, hornbeam, lilac, and beech. The guelder rose and red currant have also lost their leaves.



Looking South 7 p.m., Nov. 9

A Puzzle in Rhyme

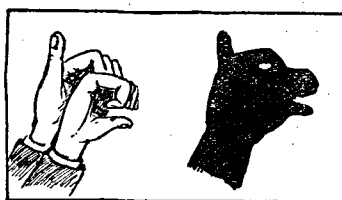
YOU'LL find me in daughter but not in son,
You'll find me in twenty but not in one,
You'll find me in simple but not in small,
You'll find me in tower but not in fall,
You'll find me in narrow but not in round,
You'll find me in hammer but not in pound,
You'll find me in merit but not in worth,
You'll find me in plenty but not in dearth,
You'll find me in welkin but not in sky,
You'll find me in murmur but not in sigh,
In business I save labour and time,
So now you'll find out my name from this rhyme.

Answer next week

A Horse to His Master

Going uphill—Whip me not.
Going downhill—Hurry me not.
On level road—Hold me in not.
Loose in stable—Forget me not.
Of hay and corn—Rob me not.
Of clean water—Stint me not.
Of soft, dry bed—Deprive me not.
Tired or hot—Wash me not.
If sick or cold—Chill me not.
With sponge and brush—Neglect me not.
With bits and reins—Oh! Jerk me not.
When you are angry—Strike me not.
And of your love—Spare me not.

Shadow Pictures on the Wall



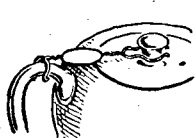
HERE we see how to make a shadow picture of a dog on the wall.

Things Just Patented

We have no further information about the new patents which are illustrated here.

A Pocket Tea-Service. Each cup, saucer, and plate of this tea-service can be folded up neatly for the pocket. They are made of aluminium or an alloy, and the saucer and plate are hinged together at a point on the rim so that they may be closed together like the parts of a tin. The cup, which is a collapsible one, is enclosed within the saucer and plate. The tea-service will be found very useful when picnicking.

A Teapot-Lid Device. Here is a simple new device for preventing the lid from falling off the teapot. It is a piece of twisted wire having a fork-like grip at each end, one of which engages with the pot handle while the other engages with the lid handle. Though the lid is held firmly in position while the thumb is pressed on the thumb-piece, it is quite easily removed when desired.

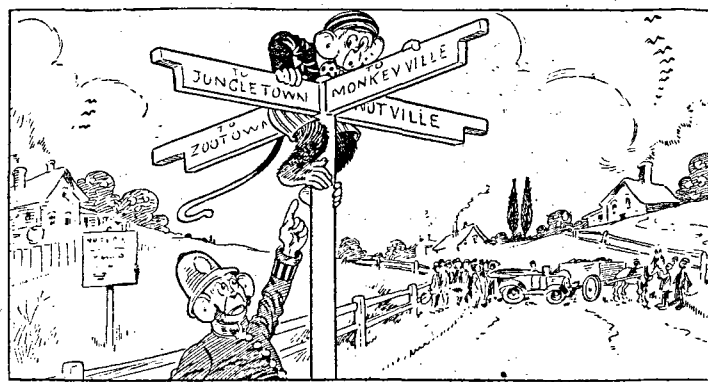


Jacko Holds Tight

JACKO ran like a hare when he saw a crowd at the end of the street one morning. He felt certain that there had been a smash.

And so there had. A motor-car and a van had just bumped into each other, and, though no great damage had been done, of course a crowd had collected and a policeman was busy taking down particulars.

Jacko hovered on the outskirts of the crowd, trying hard to see what had happened and wishing he were three feet taller so that he could see over everybody's heads. He hadn't the slightest idea what was the matter; but when the policeman called out: "Now can anybody here tell me exactly what



He climbed the first signpost he came to

took place?" Jacko shouted: "I can!" thinking that it would be an excellent way to get through the crowd.

The plan certainly worked very well, for the crowd immediately made way for him, and he found himself right in front.

The policeman was very important about it all, and he laid a heavy hand on Jacko's shoulder and asked him what he had seen of the collision. Jacko looked rather foolish.

"The two cars collided," he said lamely.

"I could have told you that," said the policeman crossly. "What I want to know is did the car run into the van or the van into the car?"

"They—er—ran into each other," said Jacko.

"I want a sensible answer," said the policeman angrily, giving Jacko's arm a shake. "Now, did you see this accident or did you not?"

"Well, I did and I didn't," began Jacko unhappily; and then he suddenly made a dash through the crowd, for the policeman looked so fierce that Jacko decided he had better make himself scarce!

But the policeman was after him like a shot.

"I believe the boy knows more than he cares to tell," he muttered; and he called to some of the men in the crowd to join in the chase.

Poor Jacko didn't get very far. He climbed the first signpost he came to, and hoped nobody would be able to fetch him down.

The policeman had a good try. He tugged at Jacko's legs; and when that didn't do any good he got the other men to hang on behind him, and they all tugged together!

Suddenly there was a loud crack and, to Jacko's horror, the signpost snapped in two!

Down came Jacko with a bump; but the policeman and his helpers had all gone over backward with their legs sticking up in the air, and Jacko managed to make a dash for home.

"I don't think I want to answer any more questions," he said with a grin. "They'll be asking me who broke that signpost next!"

A Word Square

THE following clues indicate four words, which, written one under the other, will make a square of words. Each word, of course, has four letters.

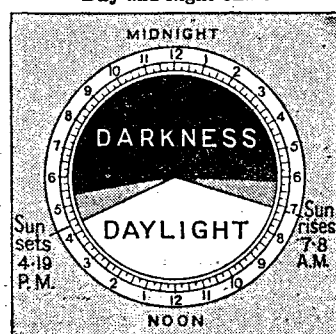
What is left when all the bread is eaten. Across. Where the person is who is sitting by your side. What a man does who commits a fault.

Answer next week

Do You Live at Girton?

THE old spelling of Girton is Gretone, and some think it means great town, but Dr. Skeat is more inclined to think it comes from gratten, the grass which comes after mowing. This is a more likely description of the district which Girton now occupies.

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows shorter each day.

DR. MERRYMAN

Fresh As Paint

SEASON Ticket Holder (at country station): Good morning, Stationmaster. Anything fresh?

Waggish Stationmaster: No, sir, not that I know of. Ah, yes, now I think of it, that paint you're leaning against is!

The Boy With the Donkey Cart

HULLO, my lad, would you like to drive me round the park in that?

Yes, but I don't think the harness would fit you!

A Sad Fate

SOME sardines whose home was the sea swam about in a shoal—twenty-three.

Now they live in a tin Where they can't move a fin, For they're packed just as tight as can be!

Ten Shillings Wasted

TEN shillings! What have you given me that for?

It's what you lent me a week ago. Oh, thanks! I'd forgotten all about it.

Ah! If only you had told me that before!

Postponed



SOME day I'll swim the Channel like Those other folks, no doubt (Said Hal the Haddock, turning back), But not while that's about!

The New Kitten

SHE had just become the possessor of a kitten for the first time, and began to stroke it.

"Kitty's so hot, Mother," she said. "Do you think she ought to sit so near the fire?" The kitten, quite satisfied, began to purr. "Oh, Mother," cried her small mistress, in great excitement, "listen! She's beginning to boil!"

Time Flies!

TOURIST: Wasn't there a great battle fought here?

Gaffer George: Ay, I do mind it when I were a boy, I do!

Tourist: But, my good man, it was nearly six hundred years ago.

Gaffer George: Dear, dear! How time do fly, to be sure!

The Folly of Youth

WELL, Tommy, have you caught any fish?

Yes, I caught two, but the poor little things were so young they did not know how to hold on!

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Built-Up Word. Te-le-gram.

Changeling. Chop, shop, shot, soot, boot, boat, beat, meat.

A Riddle in Rhyme. An eclipse.

A Picture Puzzle. Match, daRT, pIN—Martin

Do You Know Me? Automobile.

A Transposition. Ink, kin.

Who Was He?

The True Founder of Surgery was John Hunter.

Arithmetical-Problem

TAKE the numbers 1 to 9 and using each number once only, make up 100 by addition and multiplication.

Answer next week

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 5, 1927

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

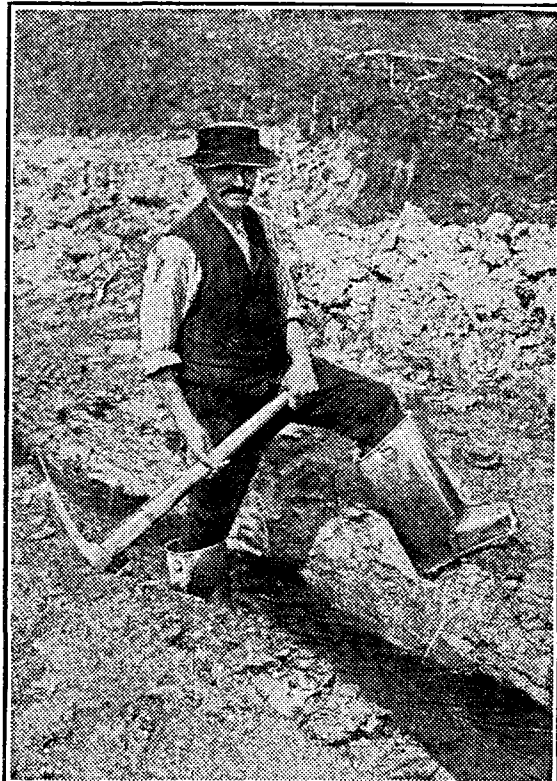
BOY FARMERS FOR CANADA · METAL BOOTS · MOTOR-CAR AS A HOUSE



Young Farmers for Canada—A party of about 700 boys has been sent to Canada by the Salvation Army on a ship specially chartered for the purpose. Here we see some of the boys learning how to drive a plough at the Hadleigh Farm Colony before leaving for Canada.



Fishing Competition for Boys—In a fishing festival which was held recently at Lowestoft one of the competitions was for boys, and in this picture we see a smiling group of schoolboy anglers walking along the pier with their rods to take up their positions for the event.



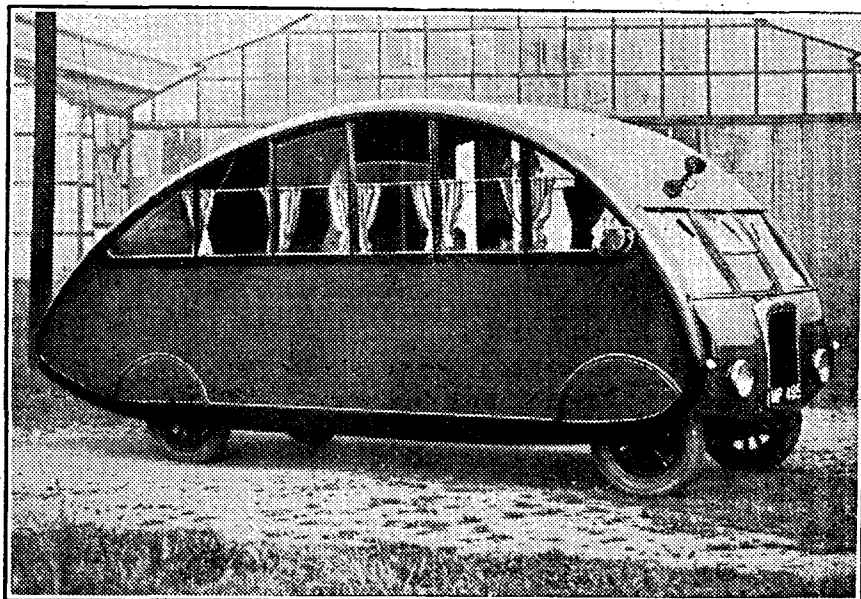
Metal Boots for Miners—At the Nieder-Lausitz mines in Germany, where coal is found near the surface, the miners wear big metal boots for working in shallow water or damp ground. They are more durable than rubber boots.



Cow That Gives No Milk—The great annual Dairy Show in London opened for the first time in history with no cows, owing to foot-and-mouth disease, and this dummy was the only one shown. Living cows were admitted later.



Restoring Henry the Seventh's Chapel—Workmen are now busy restoring Westminster Abbey, and in this picture we see a mason at work on a beautiful piece of sculpture which has just been placed on Henry the Seventh's Chapel.



A Home on Wheels—This motor-caravan is a complete home for two people. It has beds, a shower bath, hot water supply, electric cooking stove, a library, wireless, and an ice chest.



A New Kind of Boat—This curious double boat has been invented by a Frenchman, who hopes to cross the Channel in it. The two occupants drive a propeller by pulling handle-bars.

THE WONDERS OF A LIVING LABORATORY—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER

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